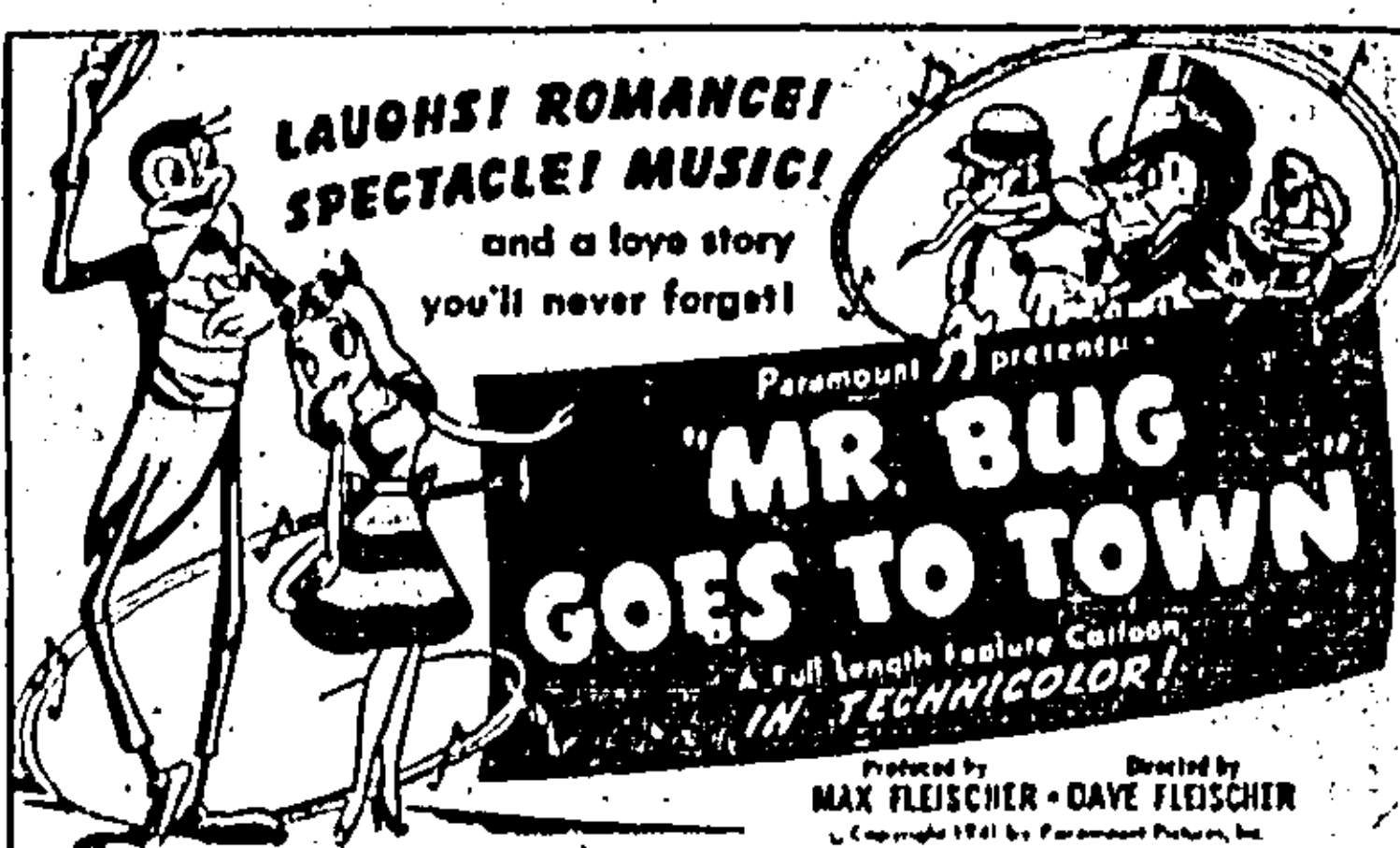


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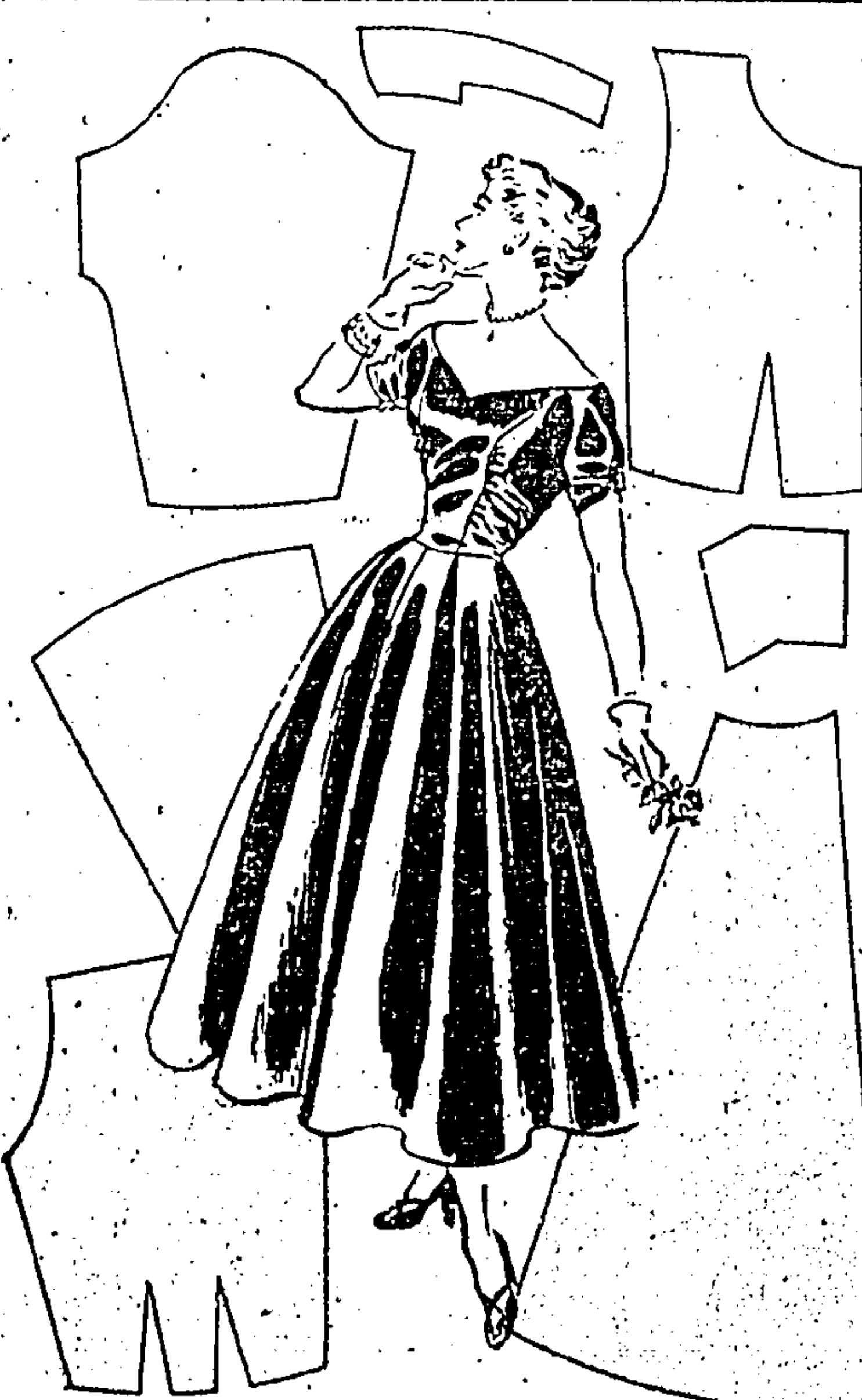
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VOGUE
PATTERN SERVICE
AT BOND STREET W.I.

Leonard Mosley Tells How

Two volcanic stories have their Italian premiere

"VOLCANO": THE NIGHT THE BABY WAS BORN

It was quite a night for all of us in the Flaminio Cinema—otherwise known as the Theatre of Flames—here in Rome. Not all the drama was confined to the screen.

Anna Magnani had been having the world premiere of her new film "VOLCANO"—the torrid tragedy of down-to-earth love she planned to make with Rossellini, until Ingrid Bergman came along.

Down in the stalls everyone was there. Gaspert of Italy had brought half his Cabinet. The British and American Ambassadors were there, and the rest of the seats were heavy with most of the society and jewellery in Rome.

Everyone, in fact—except Magnani herself. The high-point of the evening was to have been the appearance on the stage of the great actress to receive the cheers—or the disapproval—of the house.

But half an hour before "Volcano" was due to begin the rumour ran through the house, "Anna cannot face it. She has decided not to come."

It was true. One squeal from Ingrid Bergman's baby upset her plans. At five o'clock that afternoon a telephone call gave Anna the first inkling that this was not going to be the night of nights she had expected.

"The doctor is on his way to see Ingrid," said the message. "It is an urgent call." Immediately cancelled her plans to make a personal appearance at her own premiere, and announced she was suffering from a nervous crisis.

Second crisis

And in the Flaminio cinema there was a crisis, too. The film "Volcano" just would not go right. Three times it broke down and the audience was left murmuring and staring anxiously at the blank screen.

Once the sound track went wrong and Anna spoke in the voice of her film sister, Geraldine Brooks, the innocent dupe of the local Luthorio. Finally, when the end came, Anna's closest friend, Renzo Avanzo, came on the stage. "Everything has gone wrong tonight," he said. "This is not the real film of Anna Magnani. You will see it on a future re-run."

Elemental

As for me, I won't say that "Volcano" is one of the top-flight films which have been made in Italy during the past few years.

But this passionate pry into the private lives of the fisherman folk who live in the lee of the active volcanoes in Southern Italy has all the elemental qualities to bring it world-wide success.

Its story is the simple one of an experienced trull from the Naples bordellos who comes back to her island home to find her sister infatuated with a local boy.

To save her from what is likely to prove a fate more arduous than death, she first seduces the young man and then, when that fails, kills him. Highest points of the film are a dramatic shark-fishing expedition which is photographed with more grisly reality than anything I have seen in a lifetime.

And the seduction scene of the young man, when Magnani releases him from her embrace

and says, with almost a meaning look at the audience: "I just wanted to show you that I could get him if I tried."

Magnani's performance is, of course, magnificent. She plunges into her scenes like a hungry tiger shredding raw meat.

And what a wonderful actress she is to watch and listen to. She has a voice as harsh as a mouthful of iron filings, and a body that is beginning to show signs of thickening.

Somehow these uglinesses compound into their exact opposites and make her full of tremendous sex appeal and an enormously compelling personality.

Melodramatic

While Magnani is on the screen everything is fine. So too, are the sequences with Bruni, the hero-villain, who has a nice new line in handsome suggestiveness.

What spoils the film is its occasional essay into novelistic melodrama and a sequence at the end, photographed in blood-red colour, of the volcano in eruption.

It may mirror the mood in which Magnani made the film—but it is a bit too highly coloured to keep the film on a level of artistry.

"STROMBOLI": PARALLELS POP OUT OF THE SCREEN

Roberto Rossellini picked up the telephone in the Villa Margherita, the clinic in Rome where he is staying with Ingrid Bergman and their baby son, and asked for me.

"You have heard all about our child," he said. "Now I should like you to see something which is also ours. If you can get me past the crowds at the gates, I will let you be the first critic in the world to see the film 'Ingrid' and I completed just before little Roberto was born."

An hour later, in a private cinema 200 yards away from Ingrid's heavily curtained bedroom window, Rossellini sat beside me and anxiously awaited my judgment on what he declares is "the most important film I have ever made."

"Stromboli" is more than that. It is going to be a worldwide sensation, with a gasp or a shock for every film-goer who has followed the affair of Ingrid and Roberto.

Just like real life

For this queer, savage, and strangely stirring picture has parallels with real life that will startle you. It opens in a D.P. camp in Italy where Ingrid as a Lithuanian refugee, agrees to marry an Italian ex-soldier—the only way she can escape from the camp. She does not love him.

They sail south for the volcanic island of Stromboli, where her husband is a fisherman—and the first parallel with real life pops out of the screen. For on the way they pass the Isle of Volcano—where Rossellini's former friend, Anna Magnani, rushed through her rival film. Ingrid looks at it.

"I hate that place," she says, vehemently.

On "Stromboli" itself Ingrid runs into trouble from the start. The islanders dislike her for what they consider her immodest dress, her loose ways.

Bergman For Britain?

Roberto Rossellini and Vittorio De Sica, the directors responsible in part for the current Italian film renaissance, will be shifting their activities to England if negotiations between them and producer Sir Alexander Korda are consummated.

No specific stories are being divulged at the moment but there is a possibility that Ingrid Bergman, who recently completed the much-publicised and as yet unopened "Stromboli" in Italy under Rossellini's direction, would star in one of the projected pictures he would do in England for Korda's London Film Productions. De Sica, noted here for "Shoe Shine" and the current success "The Bicycle Thief" is discussing a deal "similar to the Rossellini arrangement," our man said. While no starting dates have been set in either case, "chances are," he added, "they will go into production within the year."

Left alone while her husband is at sea, she flirts with a local boy. Village gossip watch her. When the husband comes back, they sing rude Neapolitan songs at him.

Miserable, desperately anxious to get away, she tries sex-appeal on the island priest and is scornfully driven from the house. Her husband beats her and nails up the door of the



Ingrid as a Lithuanian displaced person at a camp in Italy. Later she marries an Italian fisherman and goes to live on Stromboli.—AP Picture.

Radio Review

By MICHAEL SYDENHAM

In any small county town in England there is the local paper that is full of items of interest merely to those people in the particular area. In this Colony there are four main "dailies" that devote a lot of space to small items that could only interest those who live here. In America where Radio stations are liberally scattered around each State, every station has its local daily newscasts; in England the BBC has its regions. All of which leads to the point that Radio Hongkong seems to forget its title as soon as it starts to broadcast.

The only items that are purely local and are confined to the Colony are a brief resume of the sports results on a Saturday evening, a Friday evening concert in which the artists are all residents or visitors here, and a Saturday Roundup in which the odd local celebrity or visitor to our shores is interviewed.

For a colony as rich in history as this and for one which at the moment is in the limelight of the world's news this is indeed a sorry position. There are now some tens of thousands of newcomers and troops here who would, on sure, welcome a series of talks, or even feature programmes, on for example the history of the island, or the customs of the Chinese peoples. Such a series would not I feel, be a failure, but could prove entertaining, instructive and interesting.

Further to this I would suggest that once or even twice a week there could be a quarter-hour news broadcast devoted entirely to news of purely local or Far Eastern interest.

Only a few days ago I heard for the first time of some incident on the border some 20 miles away, relayed by the BBC some 9,000 miles away. This is surely unnecessary in this enlightened age! On a Saturday evening the voice and imagination of the Duty Announcer are sorely taxed by having to put on about 20 Dance Records—a programme by one of our own dance bands would be far more entertaining.

February seems to be heralding a number of changes in Radio Hongkong: Peter Beadle whose production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" augured well for the future, left for England in the "Dunera." Good luck to you Peter.

Welcome to Christine Shore who has taken over from husky-voiced Sue Dawson the variety programme "Record Roundabout." If popularity can be judged by the amount of mail received, then Record Roundabout is first on the poll. Some 700 letters were received last week.

Tomorrow evening the Garrison Players broadcast excerpts from Gerald Savory's household comedy "George and Margaret" currently produced by Erle Haggart who in England is well known in amateur dramatic circles as a careful and conscientious producer.



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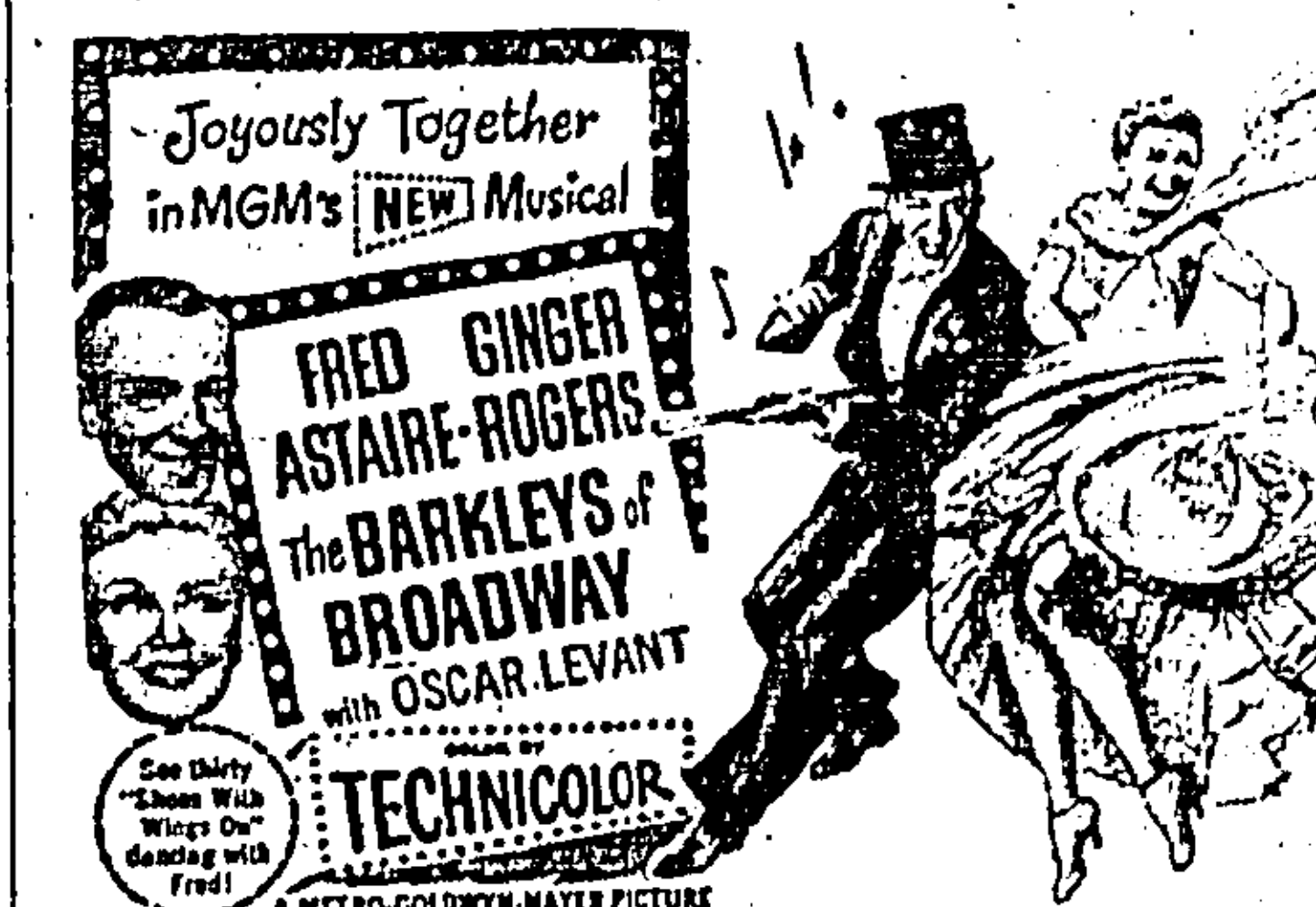
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FIRST EPISODE



Saturday Night...

by R. M. MacCOLL

SATURDAY NIGHT in Paris? Pick where you will; you know the names in lights as well as I do. For my Saturday night I set out to try to recapture my lost youth.

I used to be a jazz fiend. Nobody, except myself, was at all happy about this circumstance in the part of Hampstead in which we lived.

My trap drum set (complete with a Chinese "crash cymbal" which would have brought Mao Tse-tung himself running) nearly drove my parents out of their minds.

The years rolled by, and MacColl exchanged the drumsticks for the typewriter keys. Surely, he was destined never again to re-enter the rosy portals of jazz-land, except in his memories? Not so.

At a cocktail party not long ago I glanced at a remarkably logical American acquaintance that it was a pity that band-leaders no longer juggled with their saxophones even as they played them.

"You know, I suppose," Paris is today the acknowledged world headquarters of jazz? I said I had heard such a report, but accepted it with some reserve.

He said he would demonstrate, and so, one o'clock the next morning found us repairing to a considerably vibrating bookshop, just off the Boulevard St. Germain.

And why did this bookshop vibrate? Because, implicitly enough, it is a bar as well as a bookshop, and down a short flight of stairs in a minuscule cellar a jazz band was going full blast.

We made our way down into the cellar. Someone I took to be the proprietor charged up and exclaimed: "Ze joint, she is jumping, no?"

The cellar was really tiny and really crowded. Tobacco smoke hung dense as a Thames-side fog. Getting myself into a seat behind a midjet table was practically a miracle of surgery.

Behind the band the walls were painted the same ruby red as the sweaters of the faithful.

The band was engaged on "Sweet Sue." They played rather well, but perhaps without that inspired touch for which we old-timers so wistfully pine.

The "cellist" had discarded his tie and was playing in Byronically open-necked shirt—something which I wished the saxophonist would also do. For his

tie, still, alas, worn, depleted a lobster wearing a monocle and smoking a cigar.

They went into "Sweet Georgia Brown" and then "Sunday Down in Caroline" and the centre of interest switched to the buttonhole-sized dance floor, where an agile and handsome young man, wearing blue slacks, was adroitly jitterbugging with a curvaceous girl who wore a low-cut black blouse and a long golden pendant, and a long golden tress of the Gordon Lurien. These two were very accomplished, and seemed virtually tireless.

★ ★ ★

The proprietor stormed up once again. "Jumping joint, no?" he growled. Grabbed by an elusive elbow as he sped on his way, he paused long enough to explain that the girl in the centre of interest was "one of the best-known models in Paris—Arlette the toast of all—she pursues 'he jitter' in order to keep her weight in the reasonable distribution."

The young man he was vague about, so we asked him over for a drink. He slightly sank on a stool, accepted a grapefruit juice with double gin, and explained that he had learned "the jitter" with the American Red Cross just after the war.

"A wonderful organization," he added with fervour. "Now I am about to go to Cairo for six months. And only 20! Vice to Red Cross American!"

He shot back to long renewed support to the impatient Gordon Lurien.

There was a commotion at the door. The throng parted to disclose the Maestro himself, Louis "Satchel" Armstrong, on a nocturnal business holiday.

After the statutory three coat buttons had been snipped off by fervent fans, Mr. Armstrong joined us. He is a comprehensive admirer of jazz, and he addressed him in the most completely incomprehensible jargon of the

swinger and the bebopper. But when he discovered we were both ignorant of jargonese, he brightened.

He remarked: "This be-bop is flu-jitsu stuff. Grab it when you can and hope for the best. No accuracy."

Mr. A. bent an ear to the band. "Not bad, these boys," he averred. "They're playing straight. But, oh, the beboppers! They can't take it."

All very good indeed. But if confirmation is needed concerning the folly of seeking one's lost youth—I had it in plenty next day, after getting to bed at 4 a.m.

Ze joints of MacColl—jumping, no? But yes, every last one of them.

—(London Express Service)



"This ought to be good for a new pair of skates each if we don't tell Mum."

—(London Express Service)

ESCAPE FROM MUDSLINGING

By BERNARD WICKSTEED

AS there's sure to be a lot of mud-slinging between now and the election, with everyone saying how awful other people are, I'm going to do just the opposite, and tell you about two men who seem to me to be rather decent chaps.

The first is a guard on the railway who brought my boy of nine from Bournemouth to London last week in his guard's van.

Although I am a complete stranger, he afterwards sat down and wrote me the following fascinating letter—

Dear Sir—Your son has the makings of a good publicity agent, and told me I must read

your articles in the Daily Express every Saturday because you are a very clever man.

It is really astonishing the family histories we are told during long journeys with children in our charge. I know now that you went to Norway for your holiday last summer and explored a glacier. I know, too, that you are mad on fishing, but hardly ever catch anything.

Your publicity agent informed me that you first met your wife in Norway, and fell in love with her, and took her back to England to marry.

He said that your wife's grandmother is 91 and lives on an island where there's a bull and a waterfall. I have learned that you can cross the North Sea in about 24 hours by boat, and that when you arrive at Newcastle they let the passengers stay in bed till their breakfast is quite ready.

It is most interesting to talk to these young strangers, and often it is a good job that we do not know the families they talk about. I've sometimes been told that daddy doesn't live with us now. He lives with auntie, and we have a new daddy and have to call him "Uncle."

Last month a youngster told me he was going to relatives for Christmas so as to get plenty to eat. His older brother was in an approved school and another brother would go, too, if he wasn't careful.

I have come to the conclusion that no two children are alike in all the world. There are the inquisitive ones who ask questions the whole time and want to wave your flag and blow your whistle. Some have to be coaxed into talking, and some can't be stopped.

What they know

THEIR knowledge of babies varies considerably. I've been told they are going to relatives because mummy is going to the doctor to buy me a baby brother or sister. They don't know what it depends on what the doctor's got in stock. Your son, I may say, is better informed on these matters, and told me that ladies who are going to have babies don't like

For fifty years people have been hunting for it without success, and now here was this visitor sitting at my desk, drinking off a tea, and telling me the secret of its hiding place. It was a story of sudden death, escaped convicts, murdered natives, and bullock wagons trekking at night so as to avoid the British scouts.

At the end of it I said: "Well, what do you want me to do? Pay your fare back to Africa?"

His treasure was the fabulous Kruger millions you may have heard about. When the British took over the Transvaal after the Boer War it is said that tons of gold were missing from the Treasury vaults. President Kruger is supposed to have hidden it before he fled to Europe.

THE holding in England during this month of the Annual Licensing Sessions—in some places they still retain the old name of Brewster Sessions—recalls that control of "The Trade" dates back several centuries to the days of the "brewster," a female brewer or "ale wife" who supplied most of the drinks in Britain.

Some time before the reformation only two kinds of ale were permitted to be made. One was called "strong" and the other "double," which usually meant, however, not double strength, but only a double quantity of water. This was sold at exactly half the price of the strong.

Hogarth portrayed the brewsters as no beauties. Certainly their close practices were no shining example to the "trade," and many of them were ducked in the nearest stream for their questionable trading, until finally they were put out of business by the advent of the Brewster Sessions consequent upon an irate public becoming tired of being given short measure, beer

adulterated with salt or resin to bring on a thirst and a consequent often containing ginger, pepper and spices for flavouring instead of hops.

The first licensing court of two Justices was introduced by Edward VI. It regulated the number of houses in an area, and met quarterly to grant or cancel licences according to the way houses had been conducted. Licensees who permitted gaming were fined, imprisoned or whipped.

There was much drunkenness in the 17th Century, despite numerous Acts passed against it. They fixed closing hours and prohibited drinking during church service hours. One house in every four sold gin, and for a penny a man could get drunk and for twopenny "dead drunk."

The rescinding in 1822 of the Alcoholic Act and the introduction of another to enable persons of good character, to sell beer only without licence was an attempt to check the ravages of the "gin palaces," but it merely increased the number of beer houses. About fifty years later public houses were stopped from trading the clock round, and in 1898 it was an offence for a licensee to sell to a habitual (Contd. on Page 18, Col. 4)



The Littlehamptons Off To America

By Osbert Lancaster

In England, Mr. Flachenbacher, we regard winning the game as rather less important than the spirit in which it is played.

By the time the old man was ready to come home, Buckley was in hock for several thousand dollars and scared stiff. Finally, he went to see our hotel house doctor—a smart fellow who has been around Broadway for a long time—and told him what he had done.

The doctor said he of course didn't know what the old gentleman would do about the bills, but he advised him not to delay any longer in spilling the news about the inheritance.

He said he didn't think it but to make sure, he'd meet them in the coffee shop when the old man got back to the hotel, and if there was any trouble he'd have some adrenalin handy.

The next day the three men met in the restaurant, and after a bit of chit-chat, Buckley asked Mr. Bennett what he would say if he told him he had fallen heir to a million dollars.

The man grinned and said, "Quent, if you told me I had inherited a million dollars, do you know what I'd say? I'd say son, half of it belongs to you."

"Good story," I said to Charlie, "but I wish it had a stronger finish."

The hotel man reached into his desk and brought out a newspaper clipping. The headline read, "Lawyer Drops Dead in Midtown Restaurant."

—(London Express Service)

FIVE MINUTES EACH WEEK-END WITH THE WORLD'S WITTIEST MEN

SWIFT

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was born and died in Dublin. A prolific writer of polemics and satires, he is best remembered for "Gulliver's Travels." This book, originally a bitter indictment of social customs and of the whole human race, has become, in its abridged and expurgated form, a classic of the nursery.

He inspired the love of two women: Esther Johnson, the Stella of his "Journal to Stella," and Esther Vanhomrigh, the Vanessa of his poem "Vanessa and Cadmus." Stella he is believed to have secretly married.

In 1713 he was appointed to the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin. In 1745 his brain was affected, and he never recovered.

Dr. Johnson said of him: "He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gaiety. He still bitterly retained any tendency to laughter. His wit does not provoke laughter in others—it has too sharp an edge."

REFLECTIONS
SOME PEOPLE take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

WHEN a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that all the dunces are in confederacy against him.

LAWS are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

THERE is nothing in this world constant but inconstancy. THE MOST positive men are the most credulous.

FEW ARE qualified to rhyme in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. PARTY is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.

A WISE MAN is never less alone than when he is alone. METHOD is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion.

Blatant fools, and fools to hate. Be that my motto and my fate. RELIGION

WE have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another. COMPLAINT is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

I NEVER wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed. THE TEACHING of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaim the vicious.

MEN AND WOMEN
WHAT they do in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly; that they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

VENUS, a beautiful good-natured lady, was the Goddess of Love; Juno, a terrible throb of the Goddess of Marriage; and they were always mortal enemies.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. I HAVE known men of great valour cowards to their wives. LOVE of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.

AGE
NO WISE man ever wished to be younger.

FLASHES
HOW is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when it will not so much as take warning?

AMBITION often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

PRIDE is the daughter of present power. IF A MAN makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

CENSURE is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. VISION is the art of seeing things invisible.

WIT AND SATIRE
SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own.

MEN are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

A VERY little wit is valued in a woman; as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

—(London Express Service)

—SATURDAY AT THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE

Story that hit the headlines

LAST night I got to gabbing with the manager of an hotel on 46th Street.

"I wish you'd say something nice about Times Square in your column," he said. "A lot of people think of Broadway as one big clip joint, but as you and I know, it's a pretty decent street."

"I'd like to oblige," I said. "But I'm on the prowl for paragraphs, not puff. However, I can always use a good human interest story about one of your guests."

"To tell the truth," said the manager—whose name was Charlie—"most of our guests are in and out before we have a chance to get acquainted with them. The only ones we get to know are those who stay on a while—fellows like old Mr. Bennett, for instance. And speaking of Mr. Bennett—"

"I'm all ears and notebook," I said.

"WELL," said the hotel man, "for years Mr. Bennett had one of our suites on the fourth floor, and except for when he got in and out of the elevators we hardly ever saw him."

"About all we knew of him was that he had a bad heart, and that he used to spend part of every afternoon feeding cracked corn to the pigeons around Father Duffy's statue."

"One day, while Mr. Bennett was feeding the pigeons, he got talking with a young fellow who had recently graduated from Columbia Law School."

"It seems the boy came from his home town, and when the old man found out he was broke he

by Billy Rose

offered to let him bunk for awhile on the couch in his sitting room.

"Well, the pair hit it off right from the start. The young lawyer—his name was Quent Buckley—seemed sincerely fond of Mr. Bennett and anxious to do anything he could do to make life easier for him."

"In fact, after a few months, Mr. Bennett gave him a power of attorney and let him handle his bank account and any legal matters that came up."

"One night about a year later the old gent had a heart attack, while he was resting at the Polyclinic Hospital. Buckley got a call from an attorney downtown who said he had important business to discuss with Mr. Bennett."

The young man said he was in hospital, but would be right down.

"When he arrived, he learned that Mr. Bennett's brother in Canada had died and left him almost a million dollars."

"His first impulse, of course, was to rush to the hospital with the news, but he was afraid the old man's heart might not stand up under the excitement so he decided to walk back to the hotel and mull things over."

"Well, on the way he got to thinking how many nice things there were to buy in New York, and since he felt sure Mr. Bennett was going to pay him well for handling the inheritance, he decided there wasn't any harm in anticipating part of his fee."



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MR Primitivo Lovina (left), Secretary of Labour of the Philippine Republic, and Mr Manuel Cellego (right), Philippine Ambassador-at-Large, are shown speaking at the Filipino Club where they were guests of honour at a cocktail party during their recent visit to Hongkong. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



COMMANDER F. J. C. Halahan, DSC, RN, and his bride, the former Miss Jane Stutchbury, photographed with friends following their wedding in Hongkong last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Lee Hou-pou and Miss Lai Kim-ying photographed after their wedding, which took place recently at the Registry of Marriages. (Francis Wu)



PICTURE taken outside St Teresa's Church last week after the wedding of Mr Turibo Jose Cruz and Miss Elillia Socorro Fernandes. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Lau Tak-chung pose for the photographer after their recent wedding, which took place at St Margaret's Church. The bride was formerly Miss Wong Mai-yuet. (Francis Wu)



OVER 600 old boys of St Joseph's College attended a reunion dinner last week. Pictures at left show only a small number of those present. In lower left picture, the speaker is the Rev Br. Raphael, Principal of the College. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Services and civilian defence units participated in a large-scale defence security exercise last week. These two pictures show cars being searched and identification papers examined at the approach to Combined Headquarters. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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and for one week only

BAGS

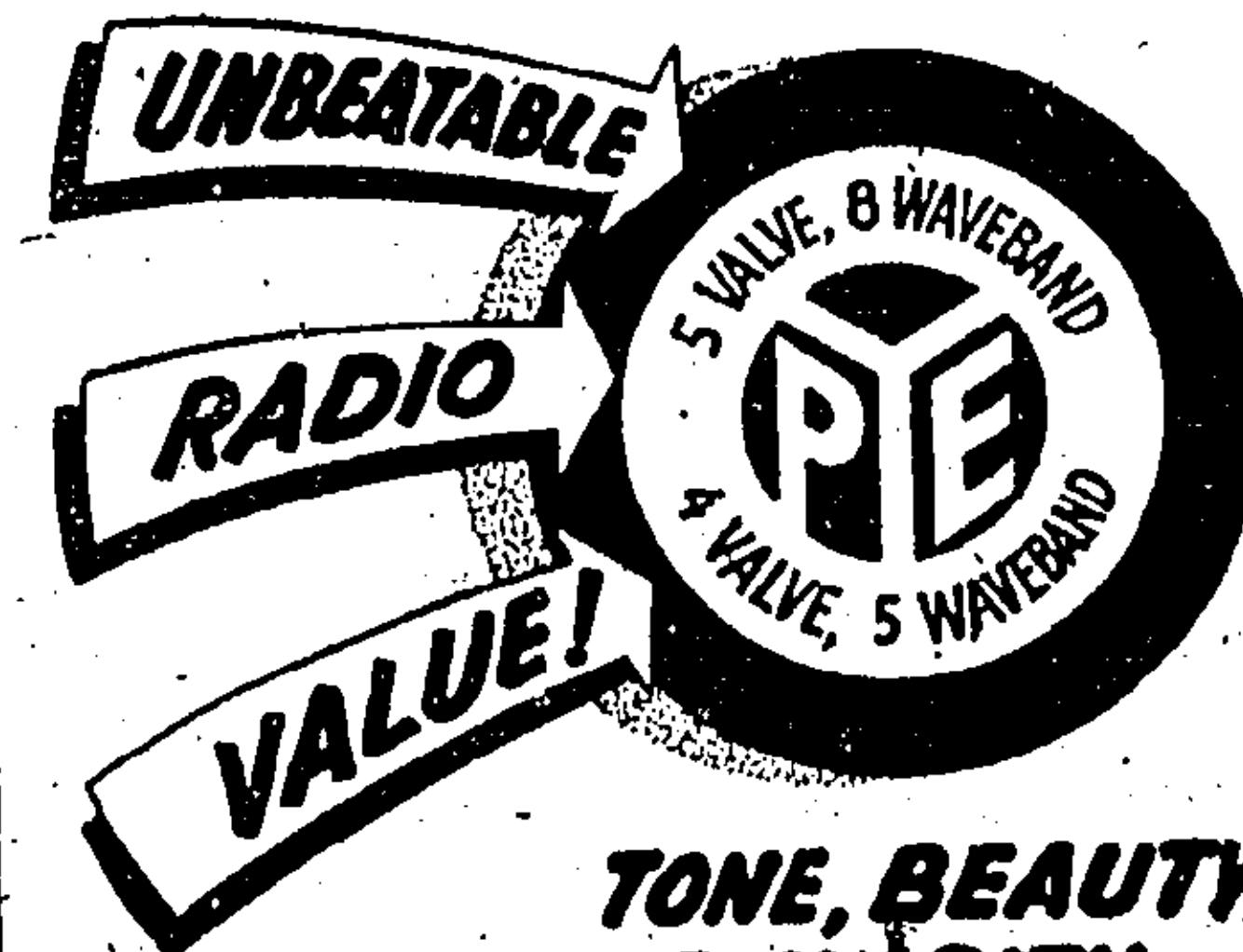
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CHORAL singing of a very high standard was demonstrated by the Hongkong Choral Group at two concerts given last week. Professor Eliso Gualdi is here seen conducting. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



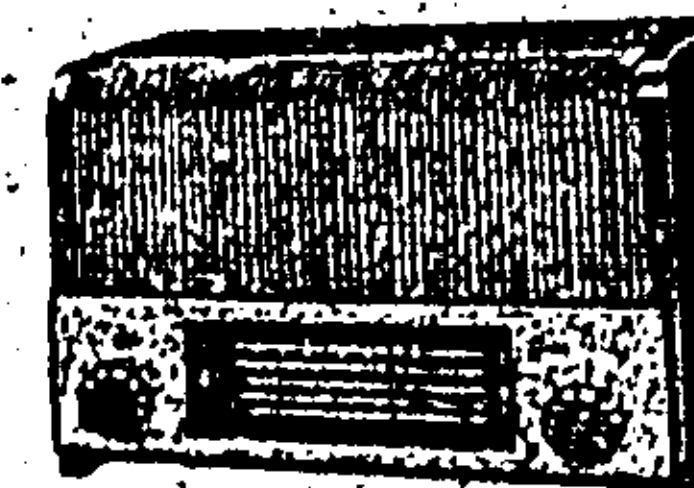
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MACKINTOSH'S

Chalk-White Lace & Organdie For Spring

By JOAN ERSKINE

LONDON.
THE first of the couture
collections in London
has made its ap-
pearance. Hardy Amies,
who is one of the most in-
teresting designers, began
showing in the morning and
continued until late even-
ing.

His showroom, in quiet,
secluded Savile Row, the
street of the tailors, differs
from most other dress
salons. Instead of the in-
evitable pale grey and lavender
pink, the walls are
natural oak hung with pale
green velvet curtains. At
intervals square mirrors set
in white and gold frames,
surmounted by Renaissance
paintings, reflect the light
from a huge chandelier
hung in the centre of the
ceiling.

Everyone who mattered in
the fashion world was there. All
the glossy magazines sat in the
front row, all the not-so-well-
known sat at the back. I
noticed an address of Vogue in
black velvet and mink, and the
address of Harper's Bazaar in
navy and scarlet. Most of the
fashionably dressed women had
unhappily coincided in their
choice of black Persian lamb,
and the majority wore tiny
tight-fitting hats, rising to a
rounded point.

Plain Suits

Suits have seldom been
plainer. The skirt length
has risen to 15 inches from the
ground, and jackets are short
enough to balance this. All the
interest is in the back—every
suit shown had a skirt with
absolutely plain front. Every
conceivable form of concealed
pleating is used in the straight

skirts. Elaborate seaming gives
the illusion of an even summer
line.
All the shirts worn with the
suits were attractive. Many of
them were in foulard silk, rayon,
cotton, and organdie, and had
interesting diagonally buttoned
necklines, draped fronts and
sleeves, tucked and pleated
panels.

The fabrics used were tweeds
and worsted, wool alpaca, silk
rayon, shantung, linen and
rayon wool that looks like silk,
and silk that looks like wool. A
great quantity of heavy guipure
lace was used for dresses and
skirts.

Colours were, in the main,
neutral. Classic navy blue and
white vied with every shade of
beige and toast brown. There
were greys of every variety, a
great deal of black, and chalk
white.

The show opened with a white
hopsack tweed top coat, very
simply cut with a tie belt. The
hat was also white, and the
model carried a basket of white
tulips and lilacs—impractical but
spring-like.

Controversial

ON many of the fine tweed
suits there were tiny velvet
collars, and cut away curved
jacket fronts. A grey flecked
fine hopsack suit skirt had
five knife pleats in a panel at the
back. A brilliant pink Cumber-
land tweed overcoat was worn
over a matching pink suit with
a rayon skirt. A pleat wrapped
over to one side of the tight
skirt. Silk braids bound the
edges of black barthen suit,
and continued down the edges
of the back pleats. There was
a feeling for black and white.
The hat worn with this suit was
like a tiny feathery helmet of
white felt overlapping fringes.
The blouse had a black and
white scalloped pattern. A few
two-jackets falling straight to
the hips will cause controversy.

They were a direct return to the
twenties. One was in ice-
cream, with low revers and
double-breasted fastening. A
black and white bow frothed
over the collar. The blouse was
extremely décolleté, with sleeves
composed of very wide shoulder
straps. The other jacket was
beige and white, and was worn
over a matching dress.

A black and white fine check
rayon jacket with a black dress
was worn over a black dress
with eyelet-hole embroidery.
The jacket had enormous
sleeves with fullness falling
from a dropped shoulder line.
This dropped shoulder, with
fullness coming just above the
elbow, was frequently used on
coats and jackets.

Sleeve-Length

IN most of the dresses, the
sleeves were neither very
short, nor elbow length, but mid-
way between the two. Necklines
were higher and often buttoning
started at the neck and finished
at the hem, either in the front
or back.

A coat in black fine ribbed
worsted, with a yellow rayon,
with horizontal tucks round sleeves,
yoke, hips (giving jacket effect)
and round the hem. Another
black coat, in fine ribbed pure
silk and wool was worn over a
foulard silk dress in rich blue
with a hidden scrolled design in
black.

The models that gained
applause from a critical
audience were the evening and
party dresses. "Trefolius" was
white with gold and organdie,
buttoned like a coat over a
white base. Sleeves were elbow-
length and cuffed. A huge
black cartwheel hat was worn
with it. "ASCOT '50" was a
navy blue fine ribbed silk and
wool coat worn over a dress in
white cotton with bands of
guipure lace inserted from yoke
to hem.

A white guipure lace dress,
with straight skirt, and tiny
matching lace hat, had a huge
bertha collar falling like a cape
over the shoulders. The same
heavy white lace formed a
strapless top for a navy blue
pure silk dress with tiny fitting
jacket. A huge bustle bow
cascaded down the back of
"NIGHT, SKY"—a navy and



HARDY AMIES'
magnificent
white guipure
lace models. Be-
hind is an out-
fit for Ascot
with a black
cartwheel hat.
In front is a
white organdie
and lace dress,
tucks alternating
with lace inser-
tion on the
skirt. It has a
strapless top.

white pure silk taffeta with low
neck, and tiny vest of lace.

"MID-CENTURY BLUES" had
a tucked top and tucked
sleeves, and a short massive
skirt composed of layer upon
layer of handkerchief points. It
was made of pure silk organza,
light as a feather.

"MONTEGO BAY" was a
long tight dress in white Irish
linen buttoned from the neck
right down the back, and left
unbuttoned at the knees to
allow walking. Sleeves were
short and pockets were huge,
with bands of sparkling red
beading on them.

"PIERETTE" was black tulle
covered with large satin spots.
The short tight under-skirt
was covered with two tiers of
very full tulle, and an enor-
mous bow at one side of the
strapless bodice held a vast
floating stole. Black pure silk
taffeta was used for a very wide
pleated skirt with loose
cummerbund sash.

"HOPE" was the name of a
white organdie and Nottingham
lace dress. The tiny lace jacket
fitted neatly over a very full

skirt with a set of tucks, then
an insertion of lace, and then
tucks round the hem. Beneath
the lace jacket the bodice stood
out stiffly in tucks.

Midnight blue Nottingham lace
over silver lame, floating pink
spotted tulle, grey rayon jersey
and drop pearls stitched on to
a bodice, made dream-like
dresses. "MAIDENS' BLUSH"
was the appropriate name for a
pink tulle dress, with an
enormous skirt composed
entirely of handkerchief points.
Tulle was thickly plaited to
form an off the shoulder neck-
line, held at one side only by a
silver strap.

The Loveliest

ONE of the loveliest fabrics
was a grey, beige and mauve
shot pure silk taffeta, with an
onion-skin effect.

The last dress was a crinoline
of white organdie with three
tiers in the skirt, each edged
with coloured silk embroidery.
An organdie tie wrapped round
the top to cover one shoulder
and leave the other bare, save
for a huge bow.

It's A Sensible Fad

By Patricia Clary

Hollywood.
CHARLES COBURN, after
disgusted glances at
the fads for men's shirts,
dracula haircuts and hair
died gray, would like to
start a fad of his own.
Monocles.

"They won't make women any
lovelier," he fumed. "But if they
must have fads, let them have a
sensible one. Any man would
rather see a woman in a monocle
than in some of the silly fads
they've been adopting lately."

The fad of monocles was popu-
lar in London in the 1920s. Since
everything else from 1920 is re-
appearing, Coburn said, maybe
monocles will too.

"Women wore them in those
days," he said. "Some of them
looked very attractive in them,
too."

Coburn has worn his own one-
eye glass on and off the screen
for thirty years. He sports
one in Universal-International's
"Peggy" and is trying to talk
his screen daughters, Barbara
Lawrence and Diana Lynn, into
trying it.

Nauseating Colours

"It's much more sensible than
mink slacks, green nail polish or
French bathing suits," he said.

"Women have been blaspheming
the immortal trouser, painting
their nails with nauseating
colours and flashing before the
naked eye the curves they either
have too much of or lack com-
pletely. The monocle would be
their most timid and sensible
gesture."

He doesn't think every woman
ought to wear one. But if the fad
catches on, of course everyone
will.

"Monocles are for correcting
vision," he insisted. "Many
people need glasses only for one
eye. That's where the monocle
performs an honest, unaffected
service."

"I personally am both near-
sighted and far-sighted. I wear a
monocle to correct the dif-
ference."

And the humorist who said
"Men seldom make passes at
girls who wear glasses" is,
according to Coburn, only half
right.—United Press.

Choosing Bath Toiletries



After your bath, remove every trace of dampness by fluffing on a
generous amount of scented dusting powder. It makes lingerie frag-
rant, too.

By HELEN FOLLETT

FEW women are content to-
day with a mere soap-and-
water bath. By the free-use of
bath toiletries they make this
rite a joy, a fifteen-minute
period of relaxation that gives
them a clean, fresh and gives
freshness to the skin.

Soap Choice

The choice of soap is a mat-
ter of individual preference. If
the skin becomes sensitive,
make a change; you may have
been using the wrong one all
along. While all toilet soaps are
high grade these days, one kind
may prove more acceptable and
soothing than another. If you
have found one that agrees with
your complexion and hands,
use it for the bath, stick to it,
use no other, even if it is a bit
more expensive. Choose it not
for shape, colour or scent, but
for practical purposes and the
effect upon your skin.

There are glycerine soaps
that are pleasant, medicated
ones that have antiseptic
qualities; others that claim to
do away with the harmful B O.
Some are made of vegetable

oils, some of fats. Many women
prefer those with no odour,
using a fragrant bath powder
or lotion after the brisk rubdown
with a towel.

After your bath is the time
to give your toes a little atten-
tion. Cut the nails straight
across; if you cut them down
at the sides the flesh will
thicken there and you will be
in for trouble. Touch each nail
with mineral oil, use the orange
wood stick to lift the cuticle
from the nail fabric. A few
minutes of massage is a good
idea. If you use polish put on
two thin films, letting the first
one dry before putting on the
second one.

'Venetian Blind' In Swimsuits Sets New Mode

GLAMOUR girls with a tendency to look angular in swimsuits
can now correct their defects with new gadgets called "con-
tours."
The contours are waterproof falsies, plainly marked "right"
and "left."
Latest bathing suits feature plunging necklines. Most have
zippers that, according to manufacturers, "go way down to
almost anywhere, or up to almost modest."
One two-piece suit has a venetian blind arrangement down
each side of the shorts, and the centre of the bra.
Sections of the blind are built in squares which the flat for
complete coverage, or may be crushed into bows to show off a
triangle of suntan.

A Modern Middy Dress



By Vera Winston

SHADES AND shapes of the
raring 20's! The short, close
hair-do, the sheath dress, the
beaded job, and now the middy
dress! Here is a new version
of the middy dress, a one-piece
with a two-piece look. The
middy is of fine wool jersey in
navy blue. It has push-up
sleeves and a sailor collar of
taffeta lined with the jersey.
The full flared skirt is of
taffeta, and the belt is of jer-
sey with a leather backing.

The 'droopy' walk goes with new pouched-back dresses

by SUSAN DEACON

THE "secrets" of the "Big Ten" of
the London fashion houses' spring
collections reveal that the mixture
is much the same as before.

We were surprised to see at some collections
the flying panels and flared overskirt which
Paris showed a year ago (and which even the
wholesale manufacturers consider out of date).

But our disappointment was well balanced
by the impeccable tailoring, fine cloths, and
restrained styling of the coats and suits.

London shows a slim, straight outline. The
sloping drop shoulder is popular, except with
the classic tailored suit (Sketch No. 1).

The flat shoulder-wide shawl collar runs
through the collections (Sketch No. 4).

Leg-o'-mutton

SLEEVES have the old leg-o'-mutton influence,
the fullness shown with deep pouches at
the elbows, and the wrists tightly cuffed.

Suit jackets and coats are straight and
boxy, with the exception of one designer who
shows a full cape-like suit jacket, the sleeves
being little more than cuffed suits at each side.
It had plenty of buttons, and suits is
seen a lot (Sketch No. 5).

There is a special walk which goes with
this—but it cannot be bought with the clothes.

The mannequin rounds her
shoulders, hollows her chest, and
walks with knees together and
stomach out, giving a peculiar
droopy effect. The fashion
houses have laid down no rules
for a suitable facial expression;
maybe they reckon it will fol-
low automatically.

Suits

THE smartest suit I saw was in
navy blue worsted. The jacket
had a fitting waist with a
loose flap at the centre back like
a man's sports jacket.

The straight skirt had a wrap-
over flap at the back, and this
and the flap on the jacket
were both lined with scarlet
linings—were only visible
when the model walked.

Coats

VERY popular is the old tent
coat without its full back.
These coats often have wide,
flat, shawl collars which em-
phasize the sloping shoulder
line.

The sleeve fullness starts from
the elbow, fitting tightly to the

wrist. I thought many of the
coats in these spring collections
looked wrapped-up and wintry.

Day dresses

GENERALLY, dresses again
have slim skirts with much
drapery. Many fine wool dresses
had pleated skirts with pleats
falling from the hip line, giving
a long torso line.

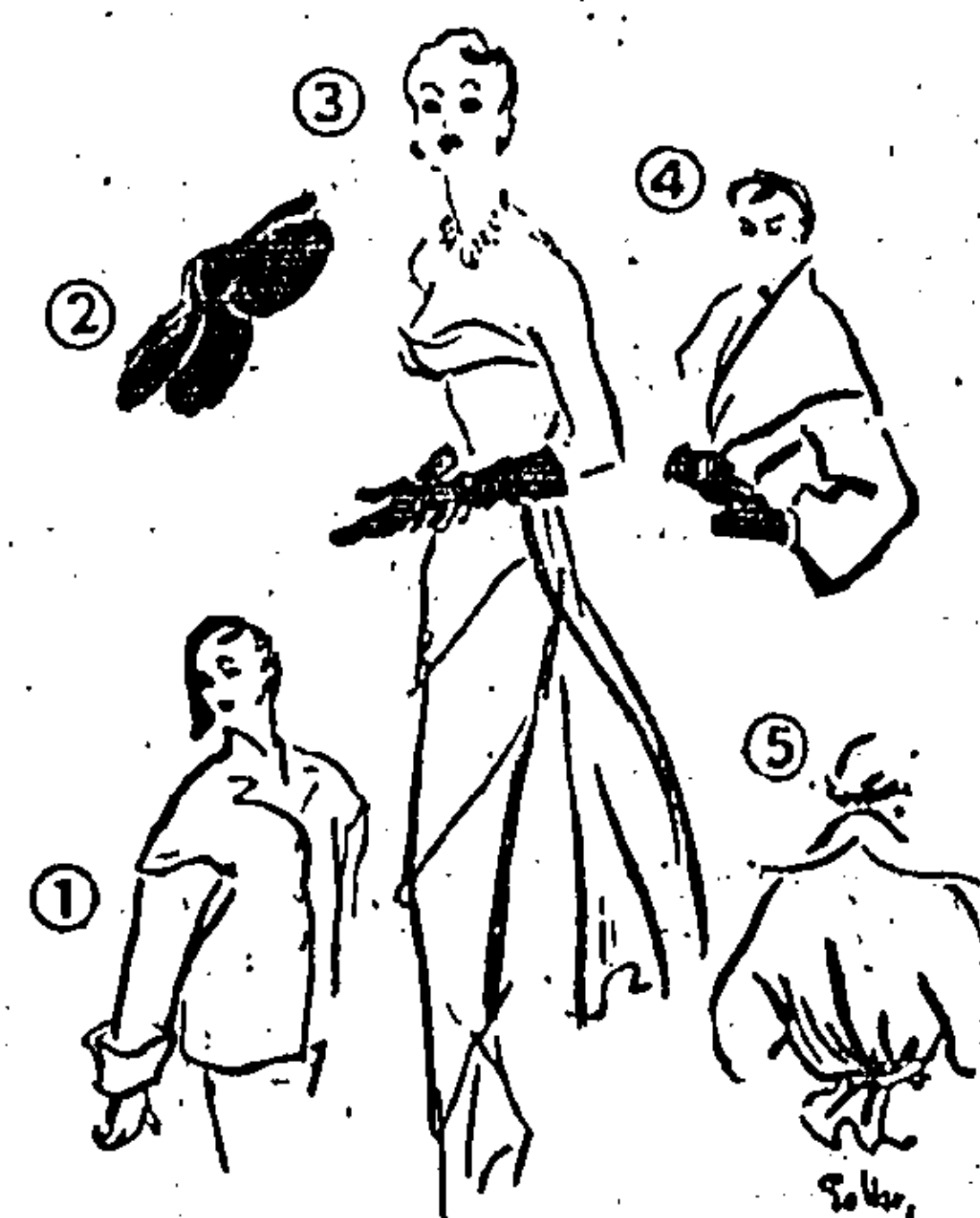
One fine wool dress I saw in
grey, yellow and black plaid was
ruined with too much detail.
It had plenty of buttons, belt, a
wide collar and a lace vesice.

Silk dresses were in unusual
fern and orchid space designs.
The styles, I thought, were
suitable on the whole for older
women.

A sign of the times perhaps
that younger women cannot
afford from £35 for a day dress.

Evening dresses

ONE sees fewer naked
shoulders and strapless tops
in evening wear than last season.
The shawl collar is evident
too. It drapes slightly off the



shoulders and crosses over to
the waist line.

One designer showed the
"skirt of ribbons" line (Sketch
No. 3). This is straight and
slender, and often has a side
draping which may be worn
covering the shoulders to form
a cape.

The most beautiful evening
dresses I saw were shown by
the Queen's dressmaker. One,
called the "Primrose Path," had
a bouffant skirt of layer upon
layer of lemon tulle. The bodice
was made almost entirely of
tiny primrose heads.

Colours

YOU will be smart this spring
if you wear pink and black.
I've seen black suit with sugar-
pink blouses, or a complete
black outfit worn with a pink
and black hat. Grey is still
good. I saw no tartans.

Many garden-party hats with
enormous cartwheel brims were
shown. Many were in black
straw and unadorned (Sketch
No. 2).

(London Express Service)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Let's Eat

BY
IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Putting On The Pounds

THAT word "diet" to most persons is synonymous with "reducing". But this is merely a restricted use of the word, because "diet" is what is eaten habitually day after day. There is the balanced diet, for persons of normal weight; the reducing diet that features high proteins and cuts down starches, sugar and fat; and the building diet, based on a balanced diet with extras added that help to put on the needed pounds.

And there are many persons, young, not so young, and elderly, who need to gain a few pounds. For these people, the solution is to eat about 1/4 more food each day than normal, or from 500 to 700 calories. With extra rest in the day time, more sleep at night, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, the gain should be at the rate of a pound to a pound and a half a week.

Increased Food

Whatever the cause of the underweight, increased food is needed. But it should not be eaten entirely at the usual three meals a day. Instead, serve several smaller meals. Yes, I said seven, of easily digested foods, that are enjoyable and not bulky. And have them regularly at the same time each day. Breakfast, dinner and supper can be based on the family meals. For instance:—

On rising—4 ounces orange juice and 1/2 glass water. Breakfast—Should be substantial, such as a baked apple cooked with wheat germ, sugar and whole milk; 1 or 2 soft cooked eggs; toast; butter; coffee with sugar and cream; or milk or cocoa. Mid-morning—A glass of milk and 2 graham crackers.

Lunch—Might be a broiled lamb chop, liver or chopped beef patty; warm rolls with butter; cream cheese and vegetable salad with mayonnaise, gingerbread with hard sauce and coffee or cocoa.

Mid-afternoon—A fruit juice cocktail and 2 whole wheat crackers spread with jelly. Dinner—Can be the family meal, with extra calories in the form of cream and butter added to various foods.

Bed-time Snack—An orange egg-nog. There is nothing difficult about such a regime. The greatest hurdle is remembering to eat at the right time. No feeling of stuffiness will result if the foods are not too bulky.

So don't eat raw vegetables, much tossed salad or whole fresh fruits.

Glance down this column at Monday's dinner as planned for the family. How would you fortify the various foods for a person needing to gain weight?

Add a tablespoon of heavy cream to the soup. Pour some melted butter over the broiled steak, or top the serving with a ball butter. When preparing the baked stuffed potatoes, add an extra tablespoon of butter to the potato and top the apple sweet with whipped cream, for the weight gainer.

Monday's Dinner

Spinach Cream Soup Crackers
Broiled Steak or Chopped Beef Patties
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Fennel or Cressole
Apple Relish

Coffee or Tea Milk (Children)
Include enriched bread or rolls with butter or margarine.
All Measurements Are Level
Recipe Series Four

Spinach Cream Soup

Add 1 c. cooked, left-over or frozen spinach to 1 c. water with 1/4 tsp. salt, a few grains nutmeg and a bit of bayleaf. Simmer 5 min. Then rub through a sieve. Meanwhile make a white sauce and add the sieved spinach. Reheat and serve with or without a garnish of soured cream.

White Sauce for Soup: Melt 1 tsp. butter or margarine and stir in 1 tsp. flour. Cook and stir until bubbling. Then gradually add 2 c. whole milk or reconstituted evaporated milk. Continue to cook and stir until the sauce boils.

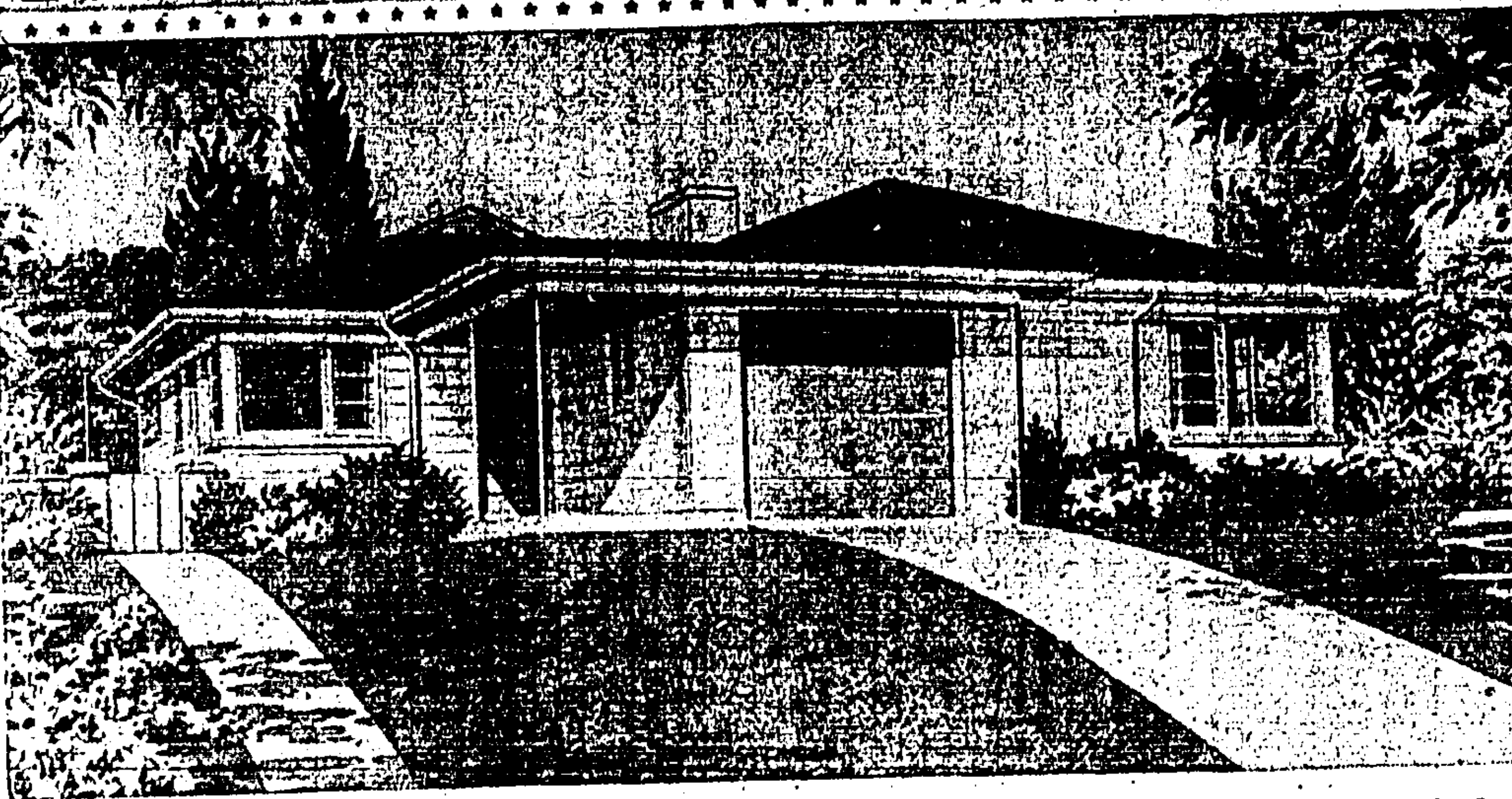
Apple Relish

Sift together 2 c. enriched flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt, 3 tsp. sugar and 1/2 tsp. nutmeg. Add 1/2 c. shortening, any kind, and chop in with a pastry blender until the mixture resembles bran. Then beat 1 egg and add 6 tsp. milk. Stir into the dry ingredients and mix until well blended.

Next oil a 7" x 11" baking utensil. Spread in the dough. Cover the top with 1 1/2 c. tart apple sliced thin and mixed with 1/3 c. sugar. Cover with a crumb topping and bake 30-35 min. at 375 F. Serve warm or cold.

Crumb Topping: Cream together 3/4 cup butter or margarine, 1/2 cup flour, 3 tsp. sugar and 1/3 tsp. nutmeg.

PLEASING AND PRACTICAL



CONCRETE BLOCK MAKES THE NEAT and attractive exterior of this one-storey hip-roofed dwelling, interestingly designed with the garage directly in front of the house and the entrance door set back at side. Corner windows are those of bedroom and kitchen.

By MARION CLYDE MCCARROLL

TWO pleasing and practical one-storey houses, somewhat similar in general type of architecture, have some quite different and some identical features in the interior layout.

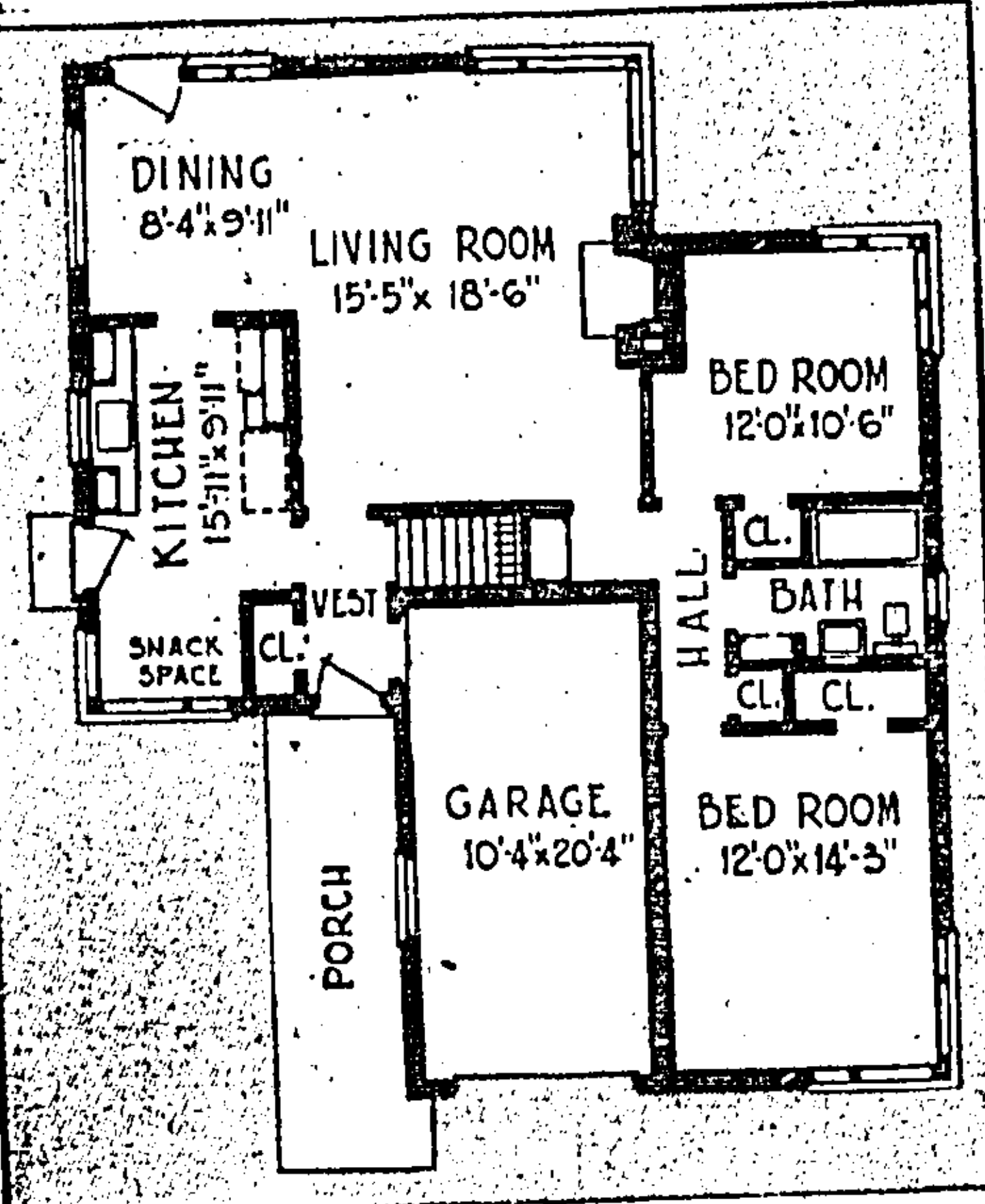
Outside, the concrete block of the house above, and the white brick of the one below, together with the fact that both houses have hip roofs, cause them to present much the same construction picture at casual glance.

Inside, while the actual amount of space differs comparatively little, and while the sleeping quarters are arranged in exactly the same way, there is interesting difference in the rest of the plan.

For example, in the house at top, the living room, with its dining area, is at the rear; the kitchen immediately at the left of the front door. The front corner of the kitchen turns its pleasant window space over to a tiny snack spot. The two bed-rooms, of approximately the same size, occupy front and rear corners on the opposite side of the house, with a bath midway between, off a connecting hall.

An interesting feature is the location of the garage directly in front of the house, with a door leading into the vestibule.

The second house has its living room in front, dining room and kitchen at the back, and the bedrooms, bathroom and connecting hall just as they are in the other.



FROM THE PORCH AND also from the garage, doors lead into a vestibule which, in turn, opens into living room and the kitchen.

APPLE ICE CREAM NOW PERFECTED

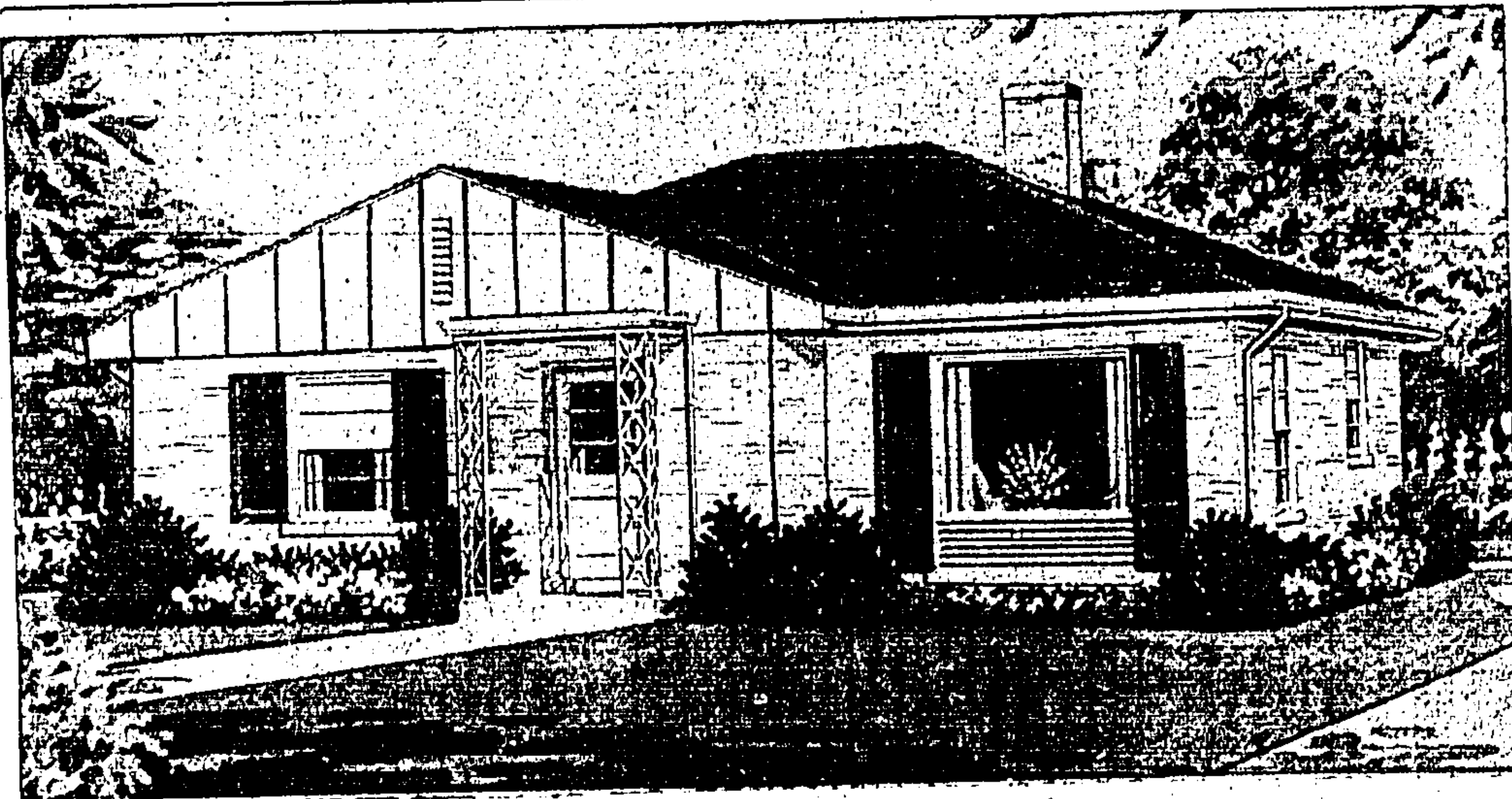
Geneva, N.Y. The latest thing in the ice cream line is a product with the genuine flavour of well-ripened apples.

Apple-flavoured ice creams have been tried in the past but did not prove satisfactory. The latest development of the New York State agricultural experiment station has overcome previous shortcomings by using a new type of apple juice and apple juice concentrate worked out in its food laboratories.

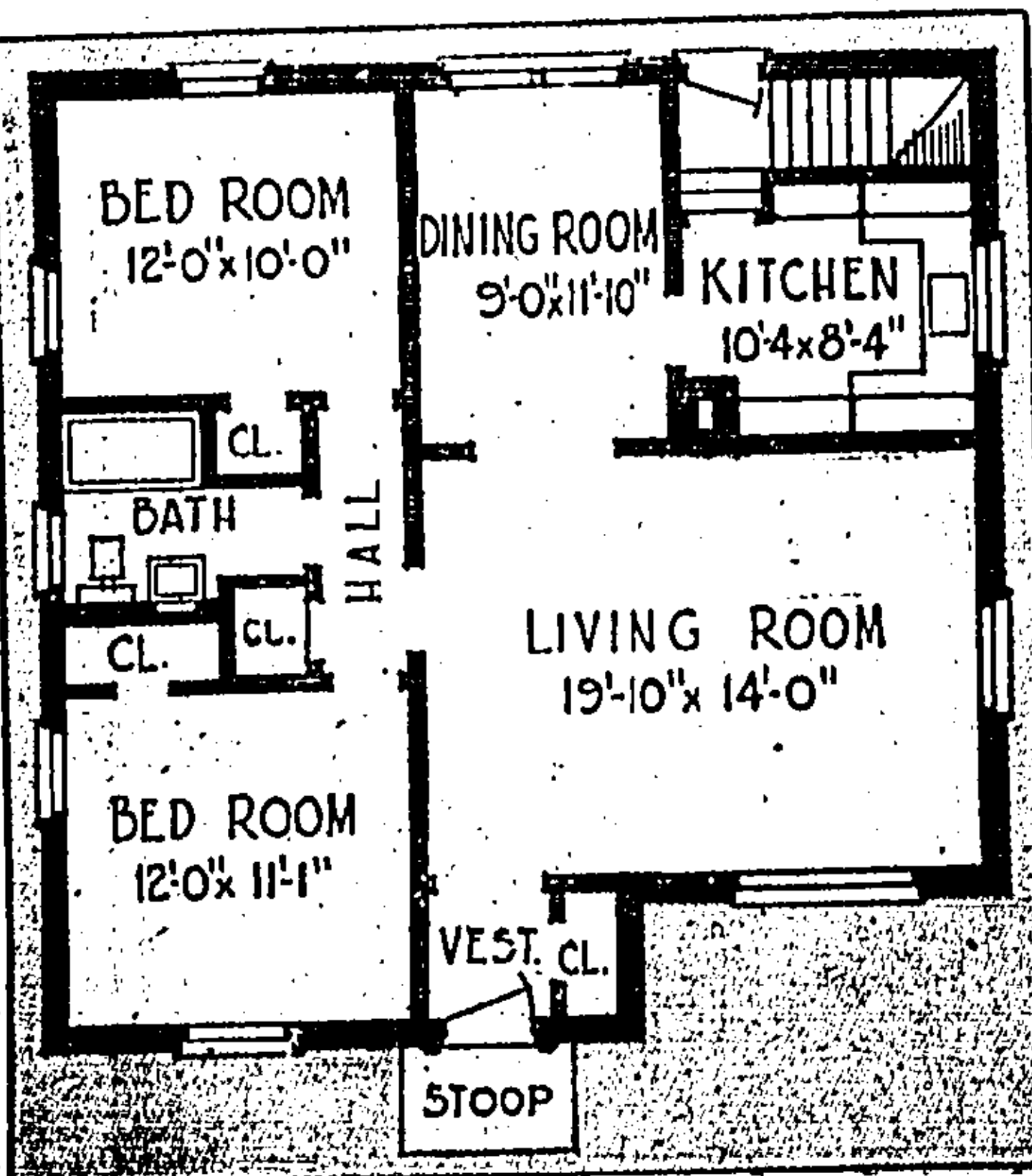
Ascorbic acid, or vitamin C, is added to the apples just before they are ground and pressed for juice. The result is a juice with a pleasing natural flavour and good colour.

By freezing the juice and removing the ice, station workers obtain an apple juice concentrate having more than two and one-half times the solids of the regular juice. The new type of apple juice and apple juice concentrate are the basis of the station's apple ice cream and an apple ice.

"Both the ice cream and the ice have been a pleasant surprise to everyone who has tasted them," said Prof. J. C. Henning—United Press.



A SECOND HOUSE, WHOSE HIP ROOF and white brick exterior give it something of the same general appearance as the other one, has a large picture window in the living room which occupies the front right-hand corner. The other front window is in a bedroom.



THE ARRANGEMENT OF BEDROOMS, bath and connecting hall-way is the same in this house as in the one at the top of the page.

How not to worry after forty

by ELIZABETH FERGUSON



I FOUND my friend Janet busy at the kitchen sink, but I knew from the depressed hump to her shoulders that the onions she was peeling were only partly responsible for her moisture-filled eyes.

From my usual perch on the table I asked: "What's up?" "Nothing much, except that it's my birthday and I'm 40," (Horror-stricken voice.) I laughed and said: "Well, we all have to have 'em, you know, and haven't you heard, life begins at 40?" She stopped me with a wave of her knife. "At forty, Elizabeth, don't give me that stuff. You just go on, peeling onions and making beds and getting older and older and—"

You know...

Come to think of it, isn't it a darn good age to be? You have weathered quite a few storms and you have survived; you are a long way off old age, but far

behind you are the diffidences and searchings of youth.

You have learned (if you have learned anything at all) that to be kind and tolerant is worth an awful lot of cleverness and virtue.

You have found out how true it is that it isn't what happens to you that matters so much as the way you deal with it, and if your job is a home and family you have realised that a shabby house with love and laughter in it is worth a heap of palaces.

You've learned...

And when you get sick to death of housework and its endless repetition of chores, you'll have gained wisdom enough to weigh that against the fact that you have created a little fortress that will withstand the sieges of illness or hard times.

Now for some practical advice to the forty-ish housewife. If you use make-up, put it on before you start your work. A well-applied lipstick can help get the fire cleaned out more quickly and more efficiently. Just you try it and see!

Try to be tidy, always. A "sweet disorder in the dress" (or the hair) is not for the overforties. If you have a hair-do that suits you, stick to it.

Never wear sloppy shoes in the house. If you're most of the day on your feet, you'll get much more tired that way.

Clumsy boots

Outdoors, don't wear those clumsy boots, irrespective of the temperature, from October till April, just because they're handy, and kind to unimmaculate stockings.

We can't deny that they make thick legs look like a grand piano and thin ones like a sparrow with galoshes, so save them for days when it's so cold that everyone is too busy keeping their teeth from chattering to notice your legs.

Simple things, like cold tea for tired eyes and plenty of good hand cream for sink-tired hands, in frosty weather, scarcely affect the budget, yet they help a lot.

When it can be managed, ten minutes' rest after a meal will pay a large dividend.

Don't worry about the lines in your face. If you use your face you can't avoid lines. Anyway, they tell a story and it's probably an interesting story.

So you see, whether fat and fuzzy, or lean and lank, you can enjoy being forty.

(London Express Service)

To Climb the Stairs or Take an Elevator?

Which is The Better?



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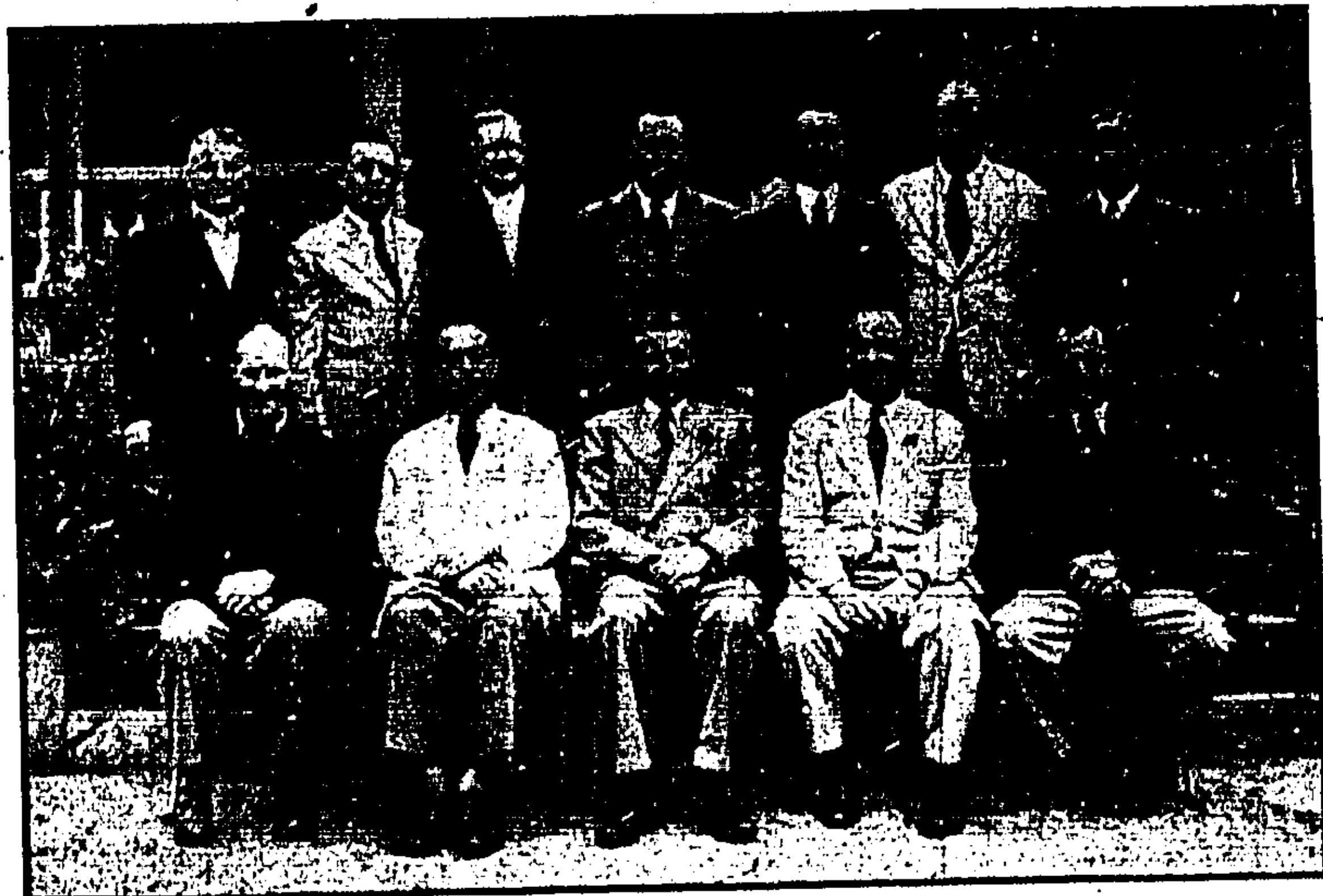
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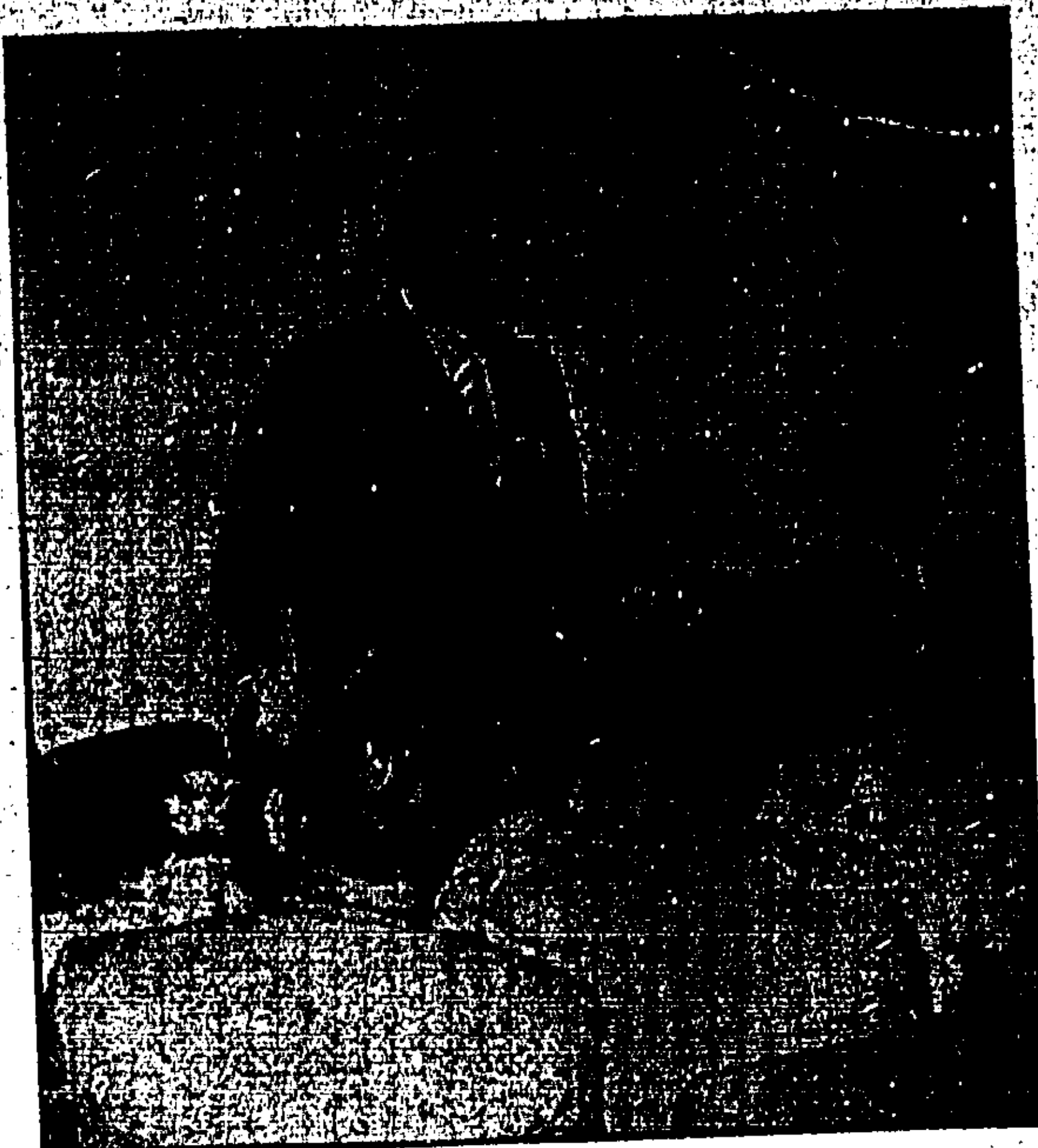
WEDDING group taken at the Rosary Church last week when Miss Margaret Xavier became the bride of Mr C. Rosario. (Golden Studio)



THE Hon. T. N. Chau, Chairman of the Nethersole Hospital Committee, speaking at the opening last week of the Nurses Training School attached to the Hospital and the staff quarters. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE 1950 Committee of the Kowloon Bowling Green Club. Seated in centre is the President, Mr E. A. Atkins. (Golden Studio)



BAILIE J. McAslan of Glasgow, who is on a visit to Hongkong under the auspices of the British Council, pictured addressing the Y's Men's Club at their weekly luncheon meeting at the Hongkong Hotel last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs Herbert John Charles Browne leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was formerly Miss Veronica Mary Schloo. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



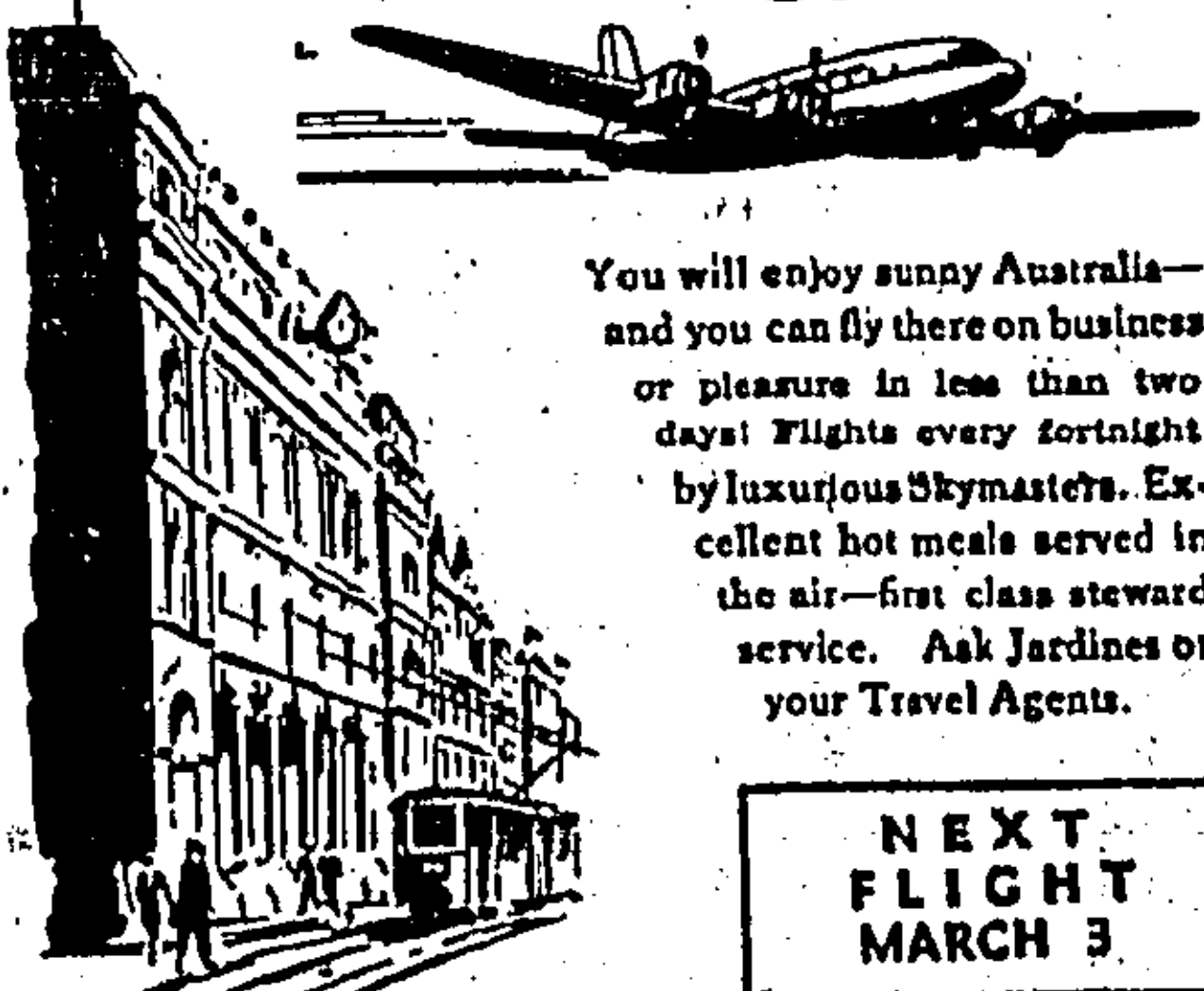
TWO parties at the annual dance of the Diocesan Old Girls' Association, held at the Hongkong Hotel last week. In upper picture is Mr and Mrs Fung Ping-fan's party. Mrs M. Banker's party is seen in lower picture. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Group taken before the rugby clash between the Over 28 and the Under 28 at the Hongkong Football Club last Saturday. (Golden Studio)



MR Ho Hing-wah is seen above with his bride, formerly Miss Lau Kwai-on, after they were married at the Registry last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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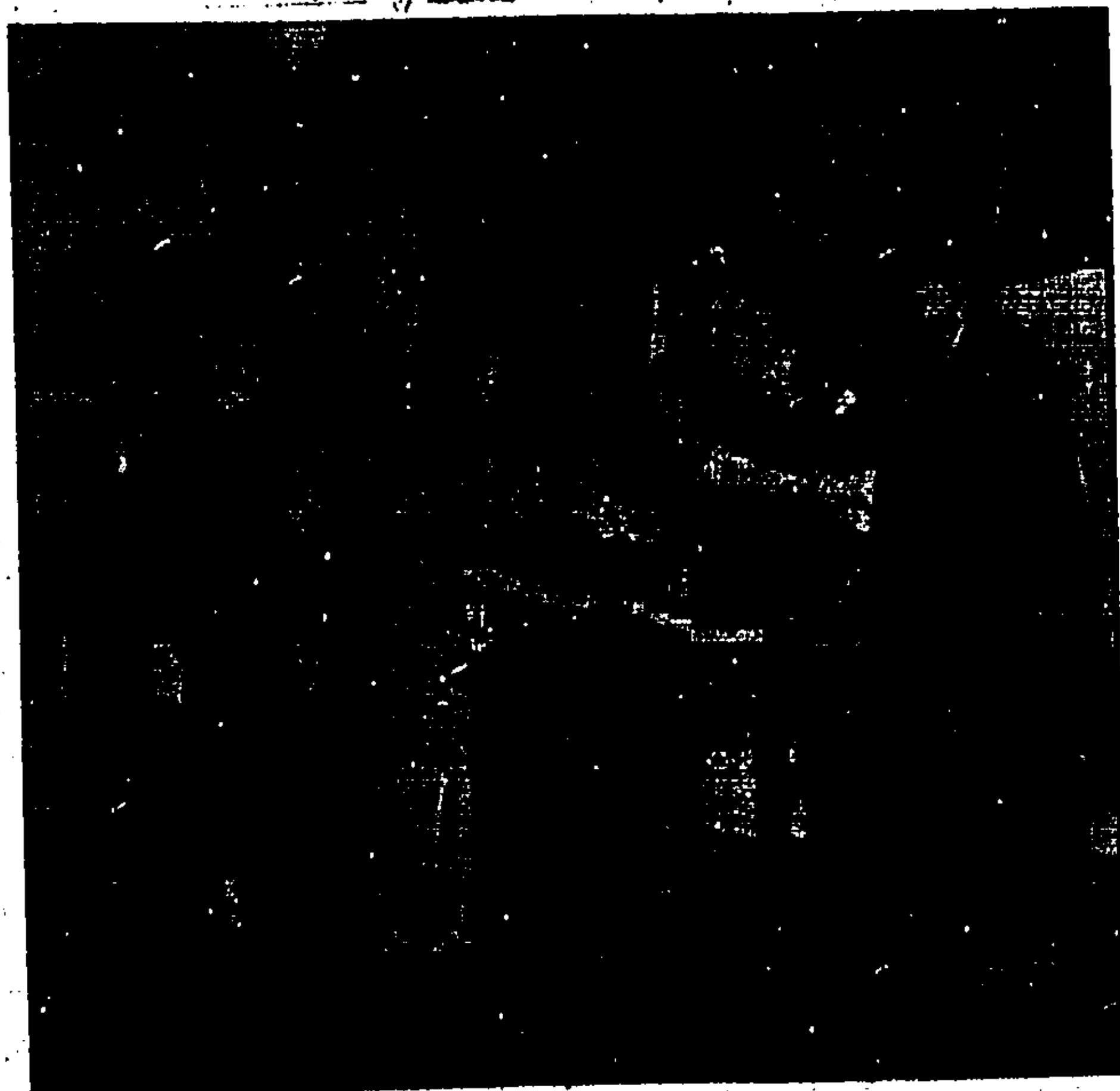


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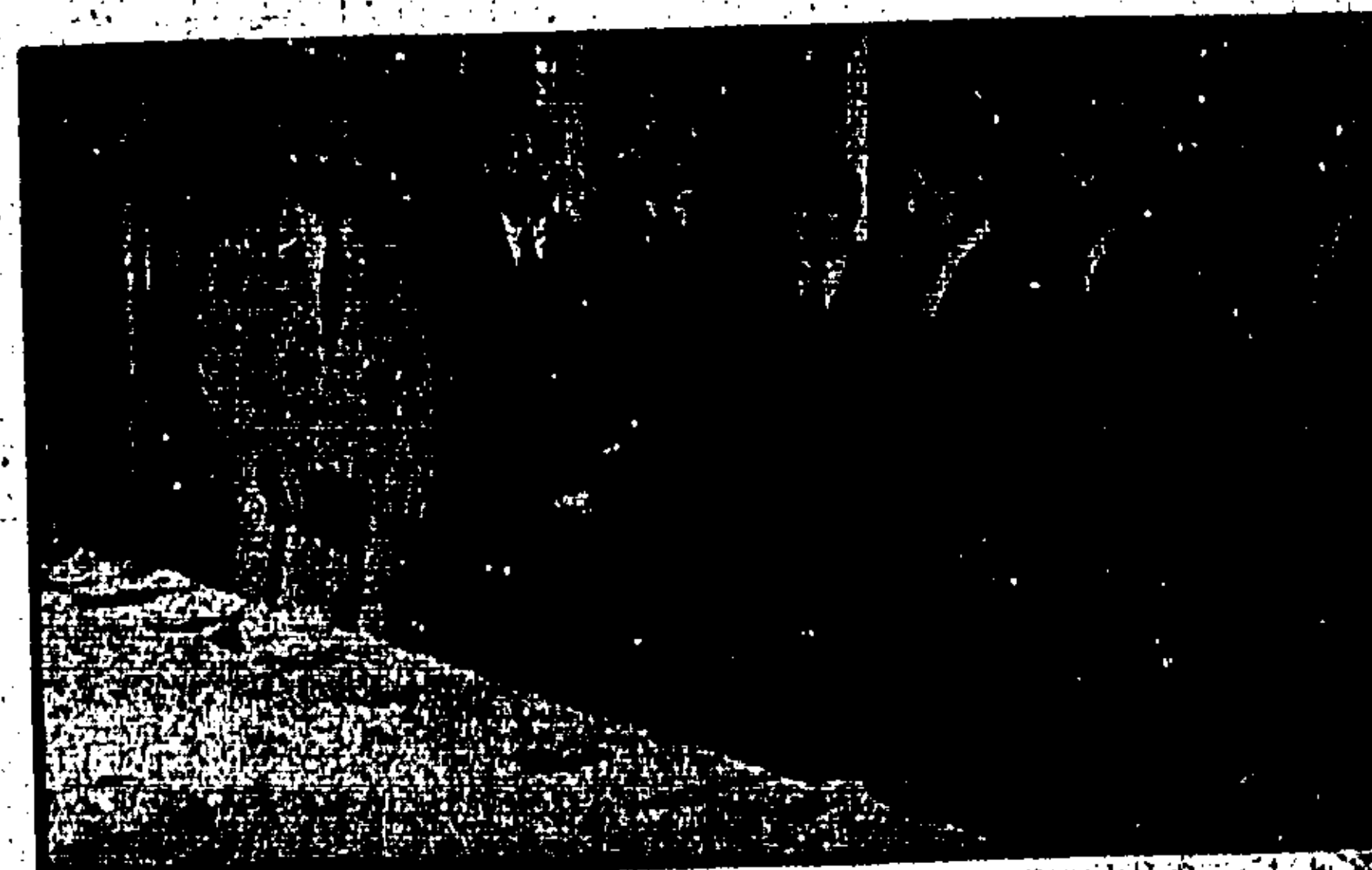


AT the presentation of certificates to young graduate teachers of the Northcote Training College Evening Institute last week. Mr G. F. Rees congratulates one of the graduates. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Pressists and the Craigengower Cricket Club teams, before their friendly match last Sunday. The game was drawn. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the annual dinner of the RAMC Association, held at the Clarendon Club. Left to right: Dr G. M. Abraham, Dr C. J. See, Mr C. F. Miles, Dr P. H. Teng, Dr C. W. Lam and Dr W. L. Wong. (Jimmy Foo)



WHEN THE HUMAN TORPEDOES STRUCK AT GIBRALTAR—Chapter Two

'Crazy' torpedo dives 112 ft. under ship**Leader escapes to secret base hidden by a school of porpoises**by **FRANK GOLDSWORTHY**
formerly a British Naval Intelligence Officer at Gibraltar and in Italy

IN 1942 the 4,000-ton tanker Olterra was lying at a breakwater berth just inside Algeiras Harbour.

She was one of two Italian tankers detained in the British-contraband control anchorage in Gibraltar Bay when Italy entered the war.

A few minutes before the declaration of war both captaining received secret radio signals: "Scuttle your ships."

When the message came, "Italy is at war," the sea-cocks were open and the ships began to sink in shallow water.

Both were towed into Algeiras Harbour.

The Spaniards put a "neutrality" guard on board the Olterra but the young soldiers were more interested in scrounging cigarettes than in reporting suspicious incidents.

The incidents were indeed suspicious for they were organised by Lella Visintini, one of the brains behind the Italian human torpedo offensive.

Visintini began to build a secret base inside the Olterra.

First the Italians cut a 25ft-long section in the steel bulkhead separating the bow compartment from a small cargo hold and hinged it like a coffee-stall front.

Then, telling the Spaniards they must clean the swimming tanks, they pumped out the forward tanks till the bows rose high out of the water.

DOOR CUT In ship's side

EARLY one morning, with the sound asleep a 4ft door was cut in the side of the ship, opening into the bow compartment six feet below the normal water line.

It was hinged to open inwards, and so neatly done that only a diver could have detected it. When the ship resumed her normal trim, the bow compartment was flooded, but the hold was still dry.

The plan was to sling human torpedoes on pulleys in the tow compartment.

When the night came for an attack, they could be lowered into the water and pass out of the ship through the door in the side to do their job.

But first they had to be brought from Italy. So the Spaniards were told, "We must overhaul the ship's engines to be ready for victory."

Now a human torpedo, without the tail assembly and the warhead, is 14 feet long and not an easy thing to smuggle.

But if the Spaniards had really been inquisitive about the 10ft-long cases of boiler tubes, brought from Italy by lorry, they would have found just one foot of boiler tubing at each end and 14 feet of human torpedo in between.

'OUR TARGETS' Four warships

ON the night of December 7, 1942, Visintini took his men on to the bridge and pointed to the silhouettes of two battleships and two aircraft carriers inside Gibraltar Harbour three miles away.

He said: "There are our targets."

It took the men on the torpedoes several hours to reach the harbour approaches.

All the time they could hear the thud of small charges exploding by the harbour gate.

They gambled on getting through between charges.

Perhaps the thing which urged them on was the seventh commandment of the secretly printed "Decalogue of an Assault Group Operator."

It reads: "Your life is precious, but the objective is more precious. This must be remembered in the moment of action. Repeat it to yourself a hundred times a day, and swear you will not fail in the hour of trial."

Three human torpedoes set out. The crew of one got to the bottom of the entrance net, but found unexpected barbed wire along the sea bed.

Shaken by the charges, they withdrew, sank the torpedo and swam to the outer mole. Astonished British soldiers heard their shouts and fished them out. They told a prearranged story of being brought by submarine.

The No. 2 on the second torpedo disappeared from his seat somewhere in the bay. His body was never found, and his companion returned alone to the Olterra.

Visintini and his companion died. Their bodies were found inside the harbour two weeks later. They had been killed by explosive charges dropped at the gate.

5 MEN LOST Nothing gained.

SO Italy had lost five men and gained nothing. But the secret of the Olterra was still safe.

Visintini and his companion were buried at sea with naval honours.

There was one wreath. It was thrown on the sea by Lieutenant Bill Bailey and "Busker" Crab, the R.N.V.R. officers whose task it had been that night to search the ship's bottoms after the attack, knowing that at any moment a warhead explosion within half a mile might kill or maim them.

It was a generous gesture, much misunderstood and criticised by others on the Rock.

Years later, when Crab was running an experimental diving station at Venice, Visintini's widow, the daughter of an admiral, became Crab's secretary.

It was May 1943 before the Italians could bring enough new "machinery" to the Olterra to resume the attacks.

Lieut. - Commander Ernesto Notari now took charge. Although in the late thirties, at least ten years older than the average operator, Notari took part in the attacks himself.

Leader on one of the other two torpedoes was Midshipman Celli, the only man to return to the Olterra in December.

Notari abandoned all hope of penetrating Gibraltar Harbour. He selected his targets from the ships in the open anchorage.

Twice before the first of the new attacks the Italians took their torpedoes out through the Olterra's underwater door and cruised in the darkness round Algeiras Harbour.

Three torpedoes made an attack on the night of May 7-8 and returned safe to the Olterra.

The 7,000-ton Liberty ship Pat Harrison and the 7,500-ton Mahaud were heavily damaged and the 4,875-ton Camerata became a total loss.

None of the ships was suspiciously near Algeiras—Notari denied himself that luxury—and in the morning discarded breathing equipment planted by Italian agents was found on the northern shore.

His No 3 was a petty officer Giannoli, a last-minute substitute, comparatively inexperienced on human torpedoes.

The plan, as usual, was to fasten the detachable warhead to a line between bilge keel clamps, but Giannoli dropped the line and the warhead had to be clamped direct to the port bilge keel.

While this was being completed the torpedo began to rise, threatening to break the surface. Notari opened the diving valves too wide and suddenly the torpedo plunged down out of control.

Longs bursting, head splitting, Notari fumbled with the controls as the luminous depth-measure (112 feet) limit—thrice the normal training depth—suddenly as it had gone down, the torpedo began a wild rush to the surface. Notari expected to break his neck against the bottom of the ship or rip his rubber suit to shreds on the barbed wire, but with a resounding splash he broke surface a yard from the ship's side.

Nothing happened. Slowly Notari gathered his wits. Giannoli had vanished. The motor would run only at top speed, and at that speed diving was impossible.

Notari took his only slender chance—a full-speed retreat on the surface for nearly four miles expecting any moment that the

There, trailing a line or hawking fruit to the Allied merchant seamen, he watched the British naval diving party search for bombs he knew were never there.

When he met Crab later in Italy he did not wait for an introduction. He said: "I know you well by sight; I have watched you and your men for hours at a time."

Notari and his "resident conspirator" worked out the plan for the third attack, which was made on the night of August 3-4, 1943. Notari was in charge and three torpedoes were used.

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The hole cut in the Olterra through which the torpedoes were launched under water.

Notari made a wide circuit close to the Spanish shore to keep out of the main glare of the searchlights.

Beneath his target, the 7,000-ton U.S. Liberty ship Harrison Grey Otis he encountered a new defence device—barbed wire hanging in the darkness.

He went deep to pass under it, and reached the bottom of the ship.

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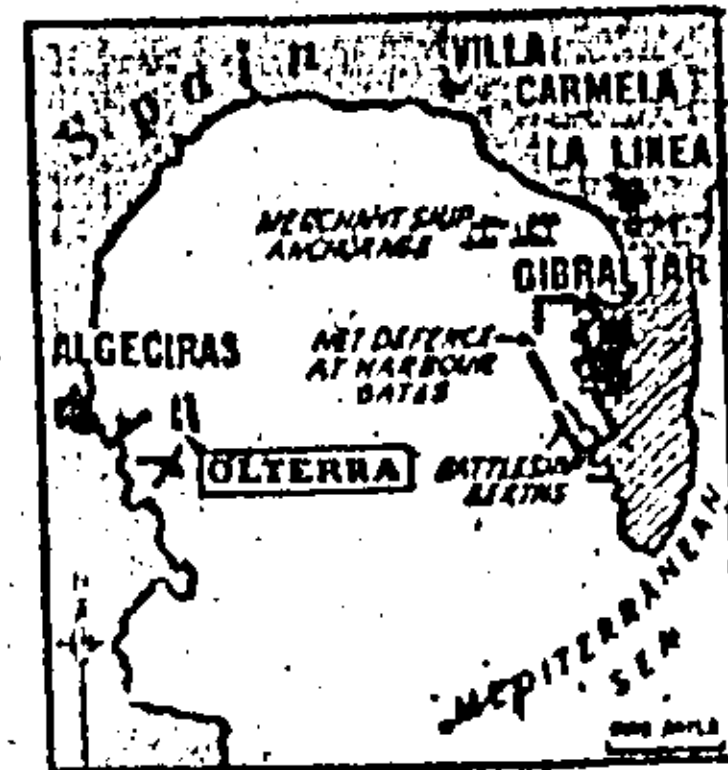
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Bell, of the naval diving party, was putting his foot into the water when the 500lb. charge exploded on the other side of the ship.

It blew a terrific hole in the engine room. A piece of metal passed right through the ship, out through the starboard plate, and killed the seaman standing guard over Giannoli in the wheelhouse of the launch.

Petty Officer Bell, who had escaped death by seconds, was searching other ships within an hour.

Within minutes of the Harrison Grey Otis explosion, Midshipman Celli's warhead broke the 10,000-ton Norwegian tanker Thorshovd in two, and sent great masses of thick oil drifting across the bay.

The third charge heavily damaged the British 6,000-ton Stanridge. All three ships sank in shallow water.

With the exception of Giannoli, all the Italians reached the Olterra safely, and left the next day for Italy.

After the Italian Armistice in September 1943 one of the Italians confessed the whole Olterra plot to the local Spanish Governor.

The governor was terrified that Allied protests would be visited on his head, and demanded the destruction of the evidence before the ship was surrendered.

The task was hopeless. With out any trained personnel the Italian consular officials tried in vain to thrust the torpedoes out through the side of the ship.

When she boarded the ship she was taken over under the armistice terms we found among the shambles below decks two torpedoes broken up by their own scuttling charges and one still serviceable on its sling.

The Olterra became for a brief period a showpiece for visiting admirals, then went back to her humble duties as a merchant ship. She is still plodding round the Mediterranean doing short voyages from Genoa.

Next week

The man who sank the Valiant

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MEANWHILE Giannoli, torn from his seat by the plunge of the torpedo, surfaced on the other side of the ship, and thought Giannoli drowned.

He swam to the stern, stripped off his breathing gear and rubber suit and for two hours anchored in his woollen combinations on the rudder of the ship.

When he judged the other crews would be back in the Olterra, and the time was apiece, he swam along the side of the ship and shouted for help.

He was hauled on board, and his capture was flashed to naval headquarters.

A launch patrolling with the duty diver hurried to the Harrison Grey Otis to collect the ship. The launch tied up alongside on the starboard side.

Giannoli had been taken on to the launch, and Petty Officer

He made a wide circuit to avoid the Spanish sentry on the end of the quay, and reached the Olterra.

Then, to him, it seemed that a miracle happened. A school of porpoises, a familiar sight to Gibraltar yachtsmen, joined him, and frolicked around him all the way to Algeiras providing the perfect cover for his wake.

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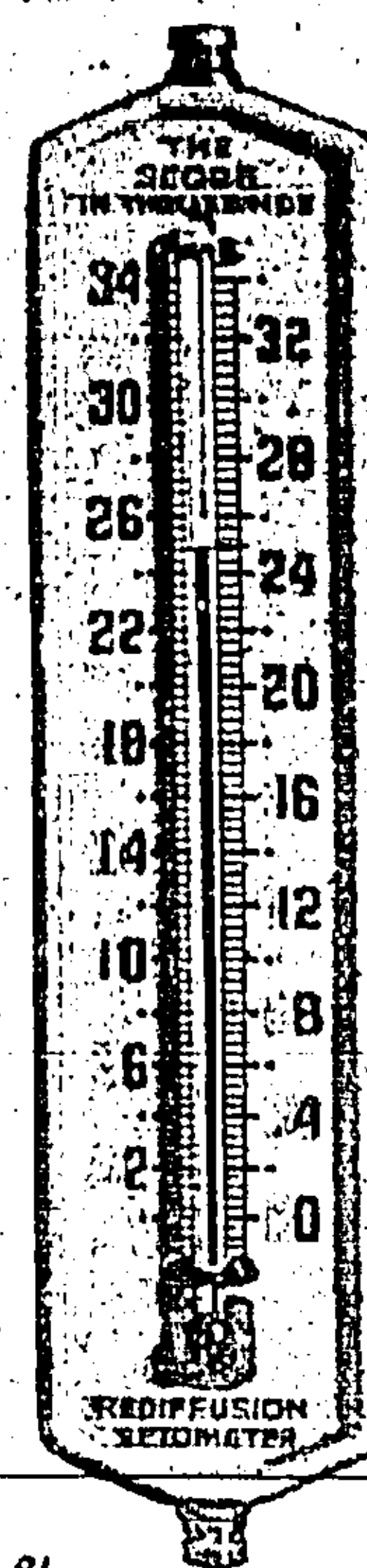
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SOCCER FESTIVAL OVER THE CHINESE NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS BY "UNOMI"

Hongkong's soccer following should remember the coming Chinese New Year holidays for years to come. Five games in five days against Interport sides have been arranged with Manila and Burma teams.

The visit of the Burma team has been eagerly awaited. This is their first trip to the Colony, but their reputation has come here before them. Up to the present, every team to visit Burma, with one exception, has not achieved a victory there.

Halsborg, who showed Hongkong such grand football in November, were fortunate to finish 2-0 against the Burma side. The only team that has won against Burma was the Chinese Olympic XI in 1936. The Chinese "idol," Lee Wai-tong, was in China's victorious team that day.

The Burma officials were unable to raise the necessary funds to send a team to the Olympic Games. However, they visited India and had a very successful tour. The Chinese team to the Games was scheduled to visit Hongkong, but a last-minute rearrangement resulted in the match arranged being cancelled.

GOOD DRIBBLERS

The Burmese players are small in stature, wiry and exceptionally good dribblers. They are accustomed to all types of grounds. Whether they play on a muddy or sun-baked surface makes little difference to them.

After yesterday's game against Hongkong, the Burma tourists meet a Combined Chinese XI today at Caroline Hill. The Chinese team is the same which defeated the Burma team in the Ho Ho Cup last month. A reputation of the form displayed that day will make today's match one of the best seen in Hongkong for many years.

The Combined Chinese team selected is the strongest possible. It is drawn wholly from Kitchener and the Kowloon Motor Bus. The defence, which belongs to Kitchener, has a grand record this season. Tang Sum and Fung Kwan-sing will give the diminutive Kwok Ying-kee all the assistance he requires in the mid-line.

The front line contains a fine mixture of youth and experience. The Kitchener pair, Ho Ying-fun and Yiu Cheuk-yin, have been in devastating form all season. The Burmese—Tang Yee-ki, Chau Man-chi and the youthful Lee Tai-fai. The ability of all three is too well known for further comment.

HONGKONG V. MANILA

Tomorrow afternoon the annual Interport match between

Hongkong and Manila will take place at Caroline Hill. The visiting team put up a grand display recently at home against two touring sides, one from Spain and another from Malaya. Tomorrow's game should, therefore, be a most interesting one.

The class of soccer played in Hongkong is much higher than that played in the Philippines and Hongkong usually come out the winners in the series.

The local selectors have such an array of talent available at present that they have decided to give players who have been omitted from the Burma game a chance to show their ability in this match.

Notable newcomers to Interport football, who will be on view tomorrow are Leyland, Nien, Castilio, and the promising Army outside-left, Andrews. I think the team will be strong enough to give Hongkong victory.

BURMA V. HONGKONG XI

On Monday, the Burma team once again takes the field, this time to do battle against the other Hongkong XI. The Colours team selected is a strong one, the majority of the players having shown grand form in League games and being worthy of their selection.

Locker, the Commando goalkeeper, gets his big chance. Tennet will captain the team. The defence in this game appears to be on youth. Cheung Shu-ling, Santos, Xavier, Pereira and the schoolboy, Ko Po-keung, are all stars of the future.

The last day of the football carnival is Tuesday when the visitors from Manila meet a Combined Chinese XI at Boundary Street. The Chinese defence in this game will be an all-Kowloon one—Tang Wing (Police), Lee Ping-ming (KAM) and Lui Shu-ping

(CAA). Playing on their own home ground, these lads are sure to give a good account of themselves.

Another youngster who is being given his first big game on Tuesday is Au Chi-yin of South China. Although on the small side, this schoolboy is a clever football player who fully merits the honour of inclusion in the team.

The Manila team is an unknown proposition. In the past it has always played a good brand of football, fully appreciated by all who have seen it in action.

All League games scheduled for this week-end have been cancelled due to the Interports.

LAST WEEK'S GAMES

Of last week's League matches only three are worth mentioning. The other matches provided football at its dullest. The Commandos-St. Joseph's clash last Sunday was a thriller. Feeling ran high throughout the whole game and the "win at all costs" attitude which both sides adopted made the game thrilling from the spectators' point of view. The saints won, forecasting by scoring a 2-1 victory.

Another notable performance was Kwong Wah's 1-0 win over the Club. The Chinese were outplayed in every position by their opponents except in goal where Tam Woon-cheuk was in splendid form. The Club forwards were erratic in their finishing and failed to beat Tam.

Army had bad luck in not collecting both points at Caroline Hill against South China. A stubborn South China defence baffled many an Army attack.

The last day of the football carnival is Tuesday when the visitors from Manila meet a Combined Chinese XI at Boundary Street. The Chinese defence in this game will be an all-Kowloon one—Tang Wing (Police), Lee Ping-ming (KAM) and Lui Shu-ping

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



England's World Cup Team Takes Shape

BY PETER DITTON

The England selectors have at last given some sort of clue as to likely candidates for the trip to Rio. The selection of the Football League team which met the League of Ireland at Wolverhampton on February 15 and the choice of the 'B' team to meet Holland at Newcastle a week later has clearly demonstrated who are 'in' and who are 'out' as probable reserves to accompany the first eleven on their quest to bring the World Cup back to England.

It is really interesting to see Stanley Matthews has been recalled for the Wolverhampton game. After all the fuss earlier this year, when he was included among those who received an invitation to tour Canada during the close season, this proves that the Selectors have not passed him over as a Rio candidate. Indeed, most critics agree with me that it would be an act of folly to omit him.

Interesting also is the selection of Wilfred Mannion, of Middlesbrough, for both games. "Golden Boy" Mannion looked as if he might have been finished with his big time career when two seasons ago he refused to resign for Middlesbrough. But after much arguing he agreed to terms and obviously the Selectors have thought none the worse of him for his stand.

This forward line to oppose the League of Ireland is pretty well good enough to go to Rio "en bloc." The unorthodox roving of Roy Bentley in the centre would throw confusion among opposing defenders and pave the way for Dally and Mullen, both ready opportunists, to score the necessary goals.

OUT OF PLACE AT RIO

The defence does not strike me as being up to the same standard. Williams, (goal-keeper) cannot be faulted and Nicholson (Tottenham) is playing well enough at the moment to command a regular place in the international side. Scott, recovered from his knee operation, is playing well for Arsenal, but I feel that his slide-tackles would be out of place on the hard South American grounds and slide-tackling is undoubtedly one of Scott's strong points.

Full-back Eckerley of Blackburn has also been playing well enough for his club in recent matches and while the Selectors have done the right thing in giving him a chance, I do not imagine he will be given a "cup" for the Rio trip. The remaining half-backs, Taylor and Cockburn, are polished players and Cockburn is already an international. A good performance in this game should see them included in the World Cup party.

There is considerable scoring power in the 'B' team forward line to oppose Holland and I think the defence is probably stronger than that of the League side. The two Froggatt cousins (Redford of Sheffield Wednesday and Jack of Portsmouth) form a dangerous left-wing and the capabilities of centre-forward Jackie Milburn cannot be doubted.

Redfern Froggatt is also a reserve for the League side. This seems to indicate that the selectors are interested in him. It remains to be seen whether Sonny Walters, of Tottenham can produce his club form in this, his first representative match.

Swift of Sheffield Wednesday gave a very sound display against Switzerland in January. He is a strong tackler and distributes the ball to good advantage. Do not be surprised if he is given preference over Aston when the selectors come to pick the England team against Scotland in April.

Both wing-halves Quisted of Fulham and Dickinson of Portsmouth are strong ninety-minute players and in the event of any roughness developing in the World Cup matches, they would be useful players to have in the side.

Dickinson, I think, will make the grade, but Quisted will find it no easy matter to get the decision over Wright of Wolverhampton or Nicholson of Tottenham.

GREAT RECORD

It is fitting that goal-keeper Ray Middleton of Chesterfield should be honoured by the Selectors. He has a great record of over 550 appearances for his club and this is a fine gesture to a loyal servant.

Not so Jimmy Swann, an American negro. Up at two after taking one on the chin from Pierre Langlois, Jimmy danced about while the referee waved him back until the timekeeper had reached "Six, sept, huit."

Is the rule a good one? Well, it might have saved any Dickie O'Sullivan, who recently jumped up at "two" to run into a knockout at the resourceful hands of Scotland's Peter Keenan.

But what about the Keenans of the game? Are they not entitled to reap full and immediate benefit from any 'get up quickly' mistakes made by opponents they have put on the floor?

(London Express Service)

JOHN MACADAM'S COLUMN

THE AMERICANS INTRODUCE A GROOVED BALL

The Americans—it had to be the Americans—have produced a new kind of football, with deep-set corrugations set into the pigskin all around and, although their football is a smaller edition of our Rugby ball, the experiment will be of interest to all ball-game players in the country, particularly those who hold to the old-fashioned theory that the game's the thing.

Idea behind the grooved ball is that it is easier to handle with accuracy and is less liable to skid on greasy grounds, and it is easy to see the light of expediency leap to the eyes of Frank Buckley in his Wolves days at the prospect of anything that would have given his fliers more and more control.

But of course not. The Major, like ourselves, is a traditionalist when it comes to interfering in any way with the actual implements of the Soccer craft. He agreed immediately with a snap judgment of "Arsenal's" Jack Crayston that it would be more than difficult—it would be murderous—to head a grooved ball. "And anyhow," he said, "the ball, as it has been developed, is perfect for its purpose, and a bit of skidding adds interest to the play. The better players can control a ball on most surfaces."

The American speed-it-up boys had their own handling code in mind when they thought this one up, but now that they have given it serious consideration, there's no way of knowing where the idea will stop.

After all, golfers of international repute have been stopped recently at the first tee and requested to remove grooves from the faces of their clubs, and it is only a manufacturer's step over the centuries. Let them be grooved as a duchess's face—grooves for lofts, and for pull, and for slice.

Gilbert spoke of such punishments as playing "on a cloth surface, with a twisted cue and elliptical billiard balls," but he never put any of these forward as serious improvements in the game. If he had, and they had been adopted, Joe Davis would no doubt go ahead as calmly as ever collecting his snooker hundreds.

For ourselves, we are dead against any innovations of almost any kind. The games as we know them today are essentially the games that have been developed over the centuries. Let them be. Leave the size and the type of the ball alone and concentrate on the size and type of the player. If he is good enough, the game will be all right.

(London Express Service)

GROOVES BARRED

What could Hedley Verity at his baffling best have done with the fighting of a grooved cricket ball? What could Denis Compton today put on his "Chinaman"? And, with a grooved bat, and—who knows?—a grooved outfield, what could Len Hutton do to the Australians?

Boxing In 1949

JOE LOUIS' RETIREMENT USHERED IN A NEW ERA

By Jack Cuddy

Boxing in 1949 was featured by the most momentous, two-way, promotional and championship change in ring history. Joe Louis' retirement as undefeated Heavyweight Champion on March 1 started the machinery that made James D. Norris' International Boxing Club the successor to Mike Jacobs' 20th Century Club, and also helped make Ezzard Charles Heavyweight Champion in National Boxing Association territory.

Retiring after the longest and busiest reign in Heavyweight Championship history, 35-year-old Louis became a director of the International club of New York, Michigan and Illinois—the fight game's most extensive monopoly.

Bomber Joe was made a director of the IBC and reportedly was paid \$150,000 for giving up the title and for making arrangements that resulted in Charles' fighting Jersey Joe Walcott for the vacant crown at Chicago, June 22.

By winning the 16-round decision over Walcott, Charles gained NBA recognition as Champion, but he did not evoke recognition from the New York State Athletic Commission or the British Boxing Board of Control.

New York and British officials want Charles to fight the winner of a Bruce Woodcock-Lee Savold bout, now scheduled for London next May.

After having been the world's No. 1 promoter for 12 years, the IBC also bought out the Tournament of Champions, a New York organization that had been trying to compete with Jacobs. The IBC now controls the major fight emporiums in New York, Chicago and Detroit, and both ball parks in New York.

In addition to the Heavyweight Championship change, two other title shifts occurred during a year in which attendance and receipts fell off in most boxing arenas, but during which an all-time record of 19 deaths was recorded as a result of ring injuries in eight countries.

The other two title changes were these:

(1) On June 16, Jake La-Motta of the Bronx wrestled the Middleweight crown from Marcel Cerdan of Morocco at Detroit when Cerdan was unable to continue after the ninth round.

Moving into Madison Square Garden, the International club bought out the interests of Jacobs, who retired on May 5.

Among the five carry-over Champions, only Freddie Mills of England—light heavyweight ruled against Gus Leavovich and Pat Valentino. Similarly, Willie Pep defended his captured feather crown against Eddie Compo.

Only 12 title fights were staged throughout the world in '49, although each Champion is supposed to defend at least twice a year.

Attendance and receipts were off in the New York area because of television, the recession, and scarcity of attractive talent. However, the sport boomed in some places—upstate New York cities, Montreal and Miami. A record California gate was set at San Francisco by Charles and Valentino.

Despite increased safeguards in the sport, boxing officials were alarmed at the record 19 deaths from ring injuries. Nine occurred in the United States, two in Algeria, two in Mexico, and one each in Italy, Germany, Australia, Malaya, and Hawaii. The previous record of 18 was set in '46—United Press.

The promoters were sure that New Yorkers would not buy tickets for what apparently was an uneven match. —United Press.

Gonzales too promised that he would do better. "I'm going to forget those 1949 defeats and pile up enough of an edge in 1950 that I can sign the biggest contract on the next tour," he said.

"Remember, I lost to Schroeder eight or nine times in a row before I solved my style and beat him three of four in 1949. I'll do that to Kramer, too."

The pro-tour, which also includes Frank Parker and Pancho Segura, drew 140,000 paid admissions and \$142,000 in

25 MINUTES OF FOOTBALL WITH A BROKEN LEG

By ARCHIE QUICK

The incredible performance of playing Cup-tie football for 25 minutes with a broken leg was achieved by Ian Drummond, young left-back of Bournemouth, at Northampton, in the Fourth Round F.A. Cup replay, which the home side won 2-1. Drummond was taken to hospital at half-time and when his shinguard and boot were removed and an X-Ray taken, a clean break just above the ankle was revealed.

Manager Bob Jackson, of Portsmouth, told me that he transferred Drummond to Bournemouth for £5,000 last season, and Bournemouth's chairman, Fred Hayward, said Drummond had become the keyman of their defence. Now Drummond has become the victim of as savage a game of soccer as I have ever seen, with most of the 22 players culprits.

After the match I talked with manager Matt Busby (Manchester United), Ted Drake (Reading), Bob Jackson (Portsmouth), Harry Storer (Coventry), Jimmy Rae (Plymouth), Harry Warren (Southend), Stewart McMillan (Derby) and others, and they all agreed that a new low in dirty play had been reached. As a Rugby football critic, who had wandered into his first game of soccer, said to me afterwards: "Now let me get back to our ladylike game."

The accident appeared to occur when one player made a two-footed jump over the ball straight on to the unfortunate player's shins. The referee should have sent him off without further ado. That harassed official continued to talk to players throughout the game but not once did he take a name, or make any attempt to call the two teams together for a general warning.

When Drummond did not come back after the interval,

Randolph Wants To Be A Cruiserweight

Middleweight Randolph Turpin fancies himself as Cruiserweight Champion of Great Britain. Consequently, he is to apply officially to the BBB of C for inclusion in any series of eliminators designed to find a successor to Freddie Mills.

This piece of news, imparted by Randolph himself through a lip punctured by Frenchmen Gilbert Stock, should interest Don Cockell, Dennis Powell, Mark Hart, Jimmy Carroll, and any of the others now being paraded as possible cruiserweight kings.

The Board's reaction will doubtless be an official request for information about the number and quality of cruiserweights

have a go in a higher division, although I weigh only 11st 8lb.

"I am anxious to take on anybody in the country up to 12st 8lb., including Cockell, Powell, Hart, or anybody else—with his eye on the Cruiserweight Championship."

In Paris the other week I saw in operation for the first time the new "cut for eight" rule designed to protect a boxer in a dazed condition after a knock-down.

The rule means that every count must last a minimum of eight seconds before boxing is allowed to continue. Jean Stock, flattened four times by Robert Villainin, knows all about it.

Not so Jimmy Swann, an American negro. Up at two after taking one on the chin from Pierre Langlois, Jimmy danced about while the referee waved him back until the timekeeper had reached "Six, sept, huit."

Is the rule a good one? Well, it might have saved any Dickie O'Sullivan, who recently jumped up at "two" to run into a knockout at the resourceful hands of Scotland's Peter Keenan.

But what about the Keenans of the game? Are they not entitled to reap full and immediate benefit from any 'get up quickly' mistakes made by opponents they have put on the floor?

I keep beating these men from overseas, but British middleweights won't have me at any price—not even for sparring. I have to use cruiserweights in the gym. If I am to get a chance of a British title it seems I must

he has met, the Learning flyer will have to admit, of course that he has never met even one other than socially. Turpin's tale, I think, will go something like this:

"Just because my brother Dick is the British Middleweight Champion, and therefore not available to me as an opponent, it seems that I am being frozen out of the middleweight division."

WHERE ARE THEY?

"Since I beat Jackie Jones last February, they have given me a South African (Doug Miller), three Frenchmen (Mickey Laurent, Jean Wanes, Gilbert Stock), an Italian (William Poli), a Belgian (Cyrille Delannott), a Canadian (Roy Wouters) and an American (Pete Mead)."

George Whitling

K. O. CANNON The Riddle of the Red Domino



TWO POLITICAL WRITERS (A TORY AND A SOCIALIST) REVIEW EACH OTHER'S BOOKS



"There's just one little buttonhole left over—okay?"

C. V. R. Thompson

The dole chief tries it on his family

NEW YORK.—The most unpopular man in New York these days is Raymond Hilliard. He is Welfare Commissioner and is under constant attack because he recently cut by five percent the dole that is handed to those who cannot earn their own living.

To meet the criticism, Commissioner Hilliard, who earns \$5,000 a year and lives in a six-room, three-bath flat, put his family on a relief budget for a month.

For four weeks his family of six lived as far as food was concerned on the £42 they would have received as a dole.

According to Mrs. Hilliard, "We ate as well as we usually do."

The main difference was that Mr. Hilliard took sandwiches to the office for lunch and they had no steak, expensive cheeses, and sweets.

"But," she said, "we managed to buy 8 1/2 lb. of meat, fish, and poultry. We had as much fruit, vegetables, milk, and eggs as usual. And none of us lost weight."

Commissioner Hilliard did not regain his lost popularity by these sacrifices. That was because he announced the result at a party.

The party menu—two large turkeys, two dishes of turkey, three different kinds of bread, pounds of cheese, and Scotch by the gallon.

THE SAVE WATER campaign is New York is flopping badly. That is because the people turn on the taps every

time it rains. Warnings have gone out that the crisis is getting more acute every day. Six-room, three-bath flat, put his family on a relief budget for a month.

UNEMPLOYMENT has taken a sudden jump. January figures showed that 4,480,000 are without jobs. That is the highest number since the war.

EVERYTHING that makes shopping tiresome has been removed in "the perfect store," which opened recently in Evanston, Illinois.

The customer who cannot find the department which sells, shall we say, bath mats, picks up a telephone, and an operator gives her directions. There is no more waiting for parcels to be wrapped. Chutes carry them from counter to wrapping room, and underground conveyors take the wrapped parcel to a supervisor stationed in the parking space.

LIBERTY versus Socialism is the war cry which Republicans, America's Right-wing party, have adopted for this year's general, but not presidential, election. The issue, said the Republicans, is "whether we shall control our Government, or whether we shall delegate to it the right to direct the lives of our citizens."

The best job, poor chap

MR BOYD-CARPENTER'S slim little book sets out to do three things. In the first place it puts up a number of the author's private little Aunt Sallies in order that he can get some schoolboy fun out of knocking them down.

Secondly, it tries manfully, but not very successfully to reconcile some of the inherent self-contradictions of Conservatism. And thirdly it tries to explain away the fact that a Conservative Party hasn't got, and can never have, a policy.

Aunt Sallies

LET'S take the Aunt Sallies first. One of Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's many fairy-tales is that the Labour Party rests on "foreign doctrines"—as though Rainborough and Whinstanley and Robert Owen weren't Britons or never existed.

In his attempts to reconcile the internal contradictions of Conservative Policy, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter sounds very uncomfortable indeed.

He argues that Conservatives aim to benefit all sections of the community—but wisely forgets to mention what they did to those sections of the community who lived in the Depressed Areas. He quotes Italy as an example of a country ridden by the Black Market, but doesn't remind his readers that the Italian Government is run by Conservatives.

He tries in the same breath to condemn the nationalisation of coal and the railways, and to explain why a Conservative Government would keep them under public ownership.

Tries to woo

HE tries pathetically to woo the trades unions, but of course doesn't quote his party's intention to introduce anti-trades union legislation. He condemns the pre-war neglect of our cities and countryside, without mentioning that it was his party which were responsible for that neglect.

And he waxes indignant because "academic

THE CONSERVATIVE CASE

by John Boyd-Carpenter

Reviewed by
Ian Mikardo



who was Socialist Member of Parliament for Reading

.....

croakers have forecast our national bankruptcy from the Black Death to the summer of 1940," but he doesn't go on to say that Conservative croakers have gone on crying at the same time about their own nation right up to the present day.

But where poor Mr. Boyd-Carpenter has the most trouble of all is in trying to explain, in a passage of painful rationalisations why his party hasn't got and can't have, a policy.

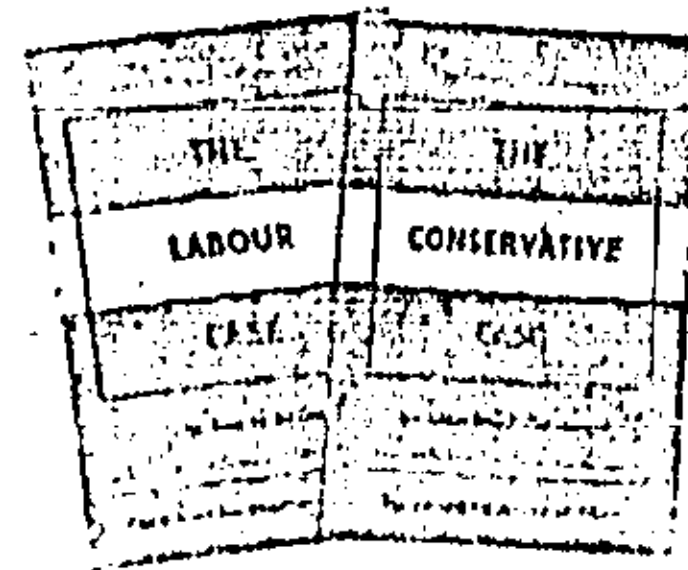
He makes the best job he can poor chap, of The Right Road for Britain, though at the last Conservative conference Mr. Churchill tore that little book

into shreds and threw the pieces into the faces of the delegates.

What Mr. Boyd-Carpenter suffers from is that neither he nor Mr. Churchill can decide Conservative policy and that he dare not mention Woolton's million and the policy-forming activities of the strictly anonymous gentry and companies who subscribed to it.

But the most surprising thing about The Conservative Case is not its contents, but its length—or rather its lack of length.

It is almost exactly half the length that the publishers specified, and its 34 pages make a poor eighteen-pennorth. But I suppose that the long-suffering author who is a lawyer discovered that there are limits to the amount you can write in defence of a criminal whom you know to be guilty.



Politics of the gutter

THERE are two Mr Mikardos, if that is the correct plural for a very singular personality.

There is Mr Mikardo, the industrial consultant, with knowledge of and serious interest in the problems of modern industry.

And there is Mr Mikardo, the petulant though able politician who pursues unrightfully any opportunity to besmirch the probity of his political opponents.

Both Mr Mikardos appear in this book, the politician uppermost.

From page 37 to page 56 he presents Socialist industrial proposals with clarity and, granted his hypochondria, good sense.

There is much there which people

THE LABOUR CASE

by Ian Mikardo

Reviewed by
John Boyd-Carpenter



who was Conservative Member of Parliament for Kingston-on-Thames

.....

of other or no political views can read with profit; in particular it seems to me, his comments on the problem of securing a proper level of investment in industrial equipment.

If the rest of this little book were on the same level it would make a serious claim that the Socialist Party were attempting to tackle the problems of our time.

But the other side of Mr Mikardo's split intellectual personality violates this claim. It is difficult to believe that the man who wrote the sensible and

penetrating analysis of industrial problems committed himself also to the street-corner claptrap and appeals to ignorant prejudice which appear again and again in the pages before page 37, and again in the last eight pages.

Of the madhouse

PERHAPS the worst, and most ingenious, is the allegation that a leader of the Conservative Party cannot issue a statement of policy because he has "pay-masters" who will later tell him what to do.

This is the politics of the gutter. And of the madhouse, too for there alone can anyone seriously visualise Mr Churchill obediently awaiting the orders of some unspecified "paymaster" before deciding on his policy.

If Mr Mikardo is seriously searching for the relationship of a party and its paymaster, it might be as well if he included in his researches the relationship of the Labour Party and the TUC. After all, his book is supposed to be about the Labour case.

No gibes omitted

AS for the rest of this part of the book, none of the usual street-corner gibes is omitted. The appeal to envy (page 8), the gibe at heredity (page 9), the "top-hatted liders from the Royal Enclosure at Ascot" (page 10), the sending of "half naked women to work in the coal mines" (page 21), the deep affection of the Colonial Empire for the Ministry of Food's methods (page 31) (of course, written before Mr Bustamante blew this argument up), and inevitably the insinuation that a Conservative Government would create unemployment.

They are all there for people who think that sort of thing a helpful method of debating our country's affairs amid the perplexities of 1950.

In his introduction, Mr Herbert Morrison places it on record that he does not necessarily agree with everything in the book.

—(London Express Service)

—(London Express Service)

IN CANADA TODAY

TORONTO.
YOU can buy a farm in Canada for £125. Taxes are low as £4 a year.

That is what members of the Conservation Committee of Ontario's Parliament report after touring the north of the province.

In the Cochrane area, they told of one farm in five abandoned; 3,000 tons of hay left to rot.

Reason—the settlers moved out when they found they could earn more in the pulp and paper industries and mines.

In the Rainy River district, ex-provincial M. P. George Lockhart wants Parliament to bring in D. P.s. from Europe and establish a demonstration farm to show there are 750,000 acres suitable for agriculture.

For those who think Canada has a traditional nine months' snow and three months' bad

By JAMES COOPER

sleighting, he says the growing season is 170 days and mean summer temperature 64 degrees.

It is estimated that Canada's wheat crop will be 360 million bushels, on top of a carry-over of nearly 100 million.

This means that, after selling 145 million bushels to Britain and 203 million bushels under the International Wheat Agreement, she will still have 150 million bushels surplus.

AN expedition from the University of New Mexico is seeking traces of early Indian civilisation near MacLeod, Alberta.

It may settle the controversy—are there such people as Sasquatches?

They are said to be cavermen up to nine feet high, with beetle-browed and hairy bodies, hiding in the unmapped hinterland of Alberta and British Columbia.

Indians and white men claim to have seen their footprints—"sixteen inches long and seven inches wide."

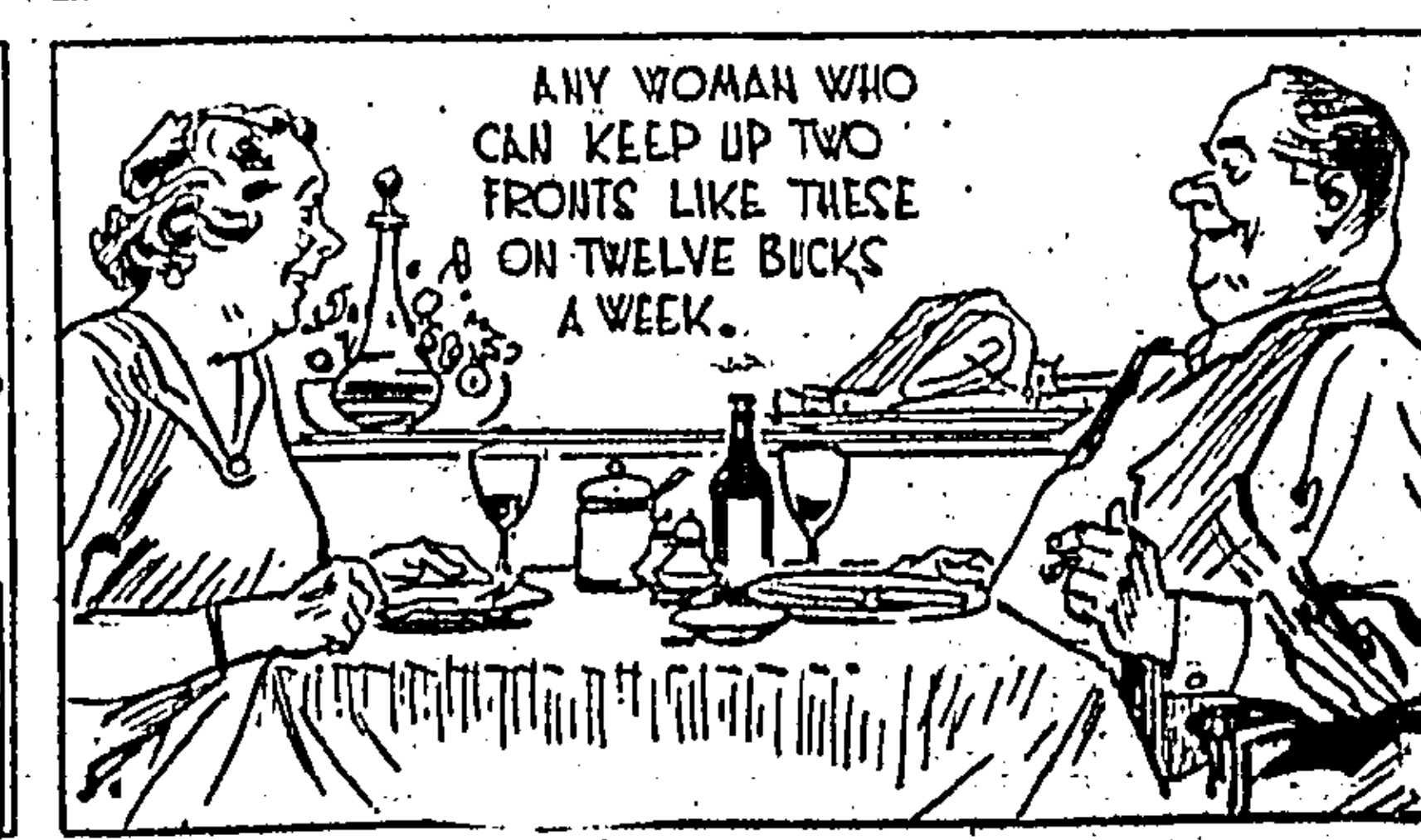
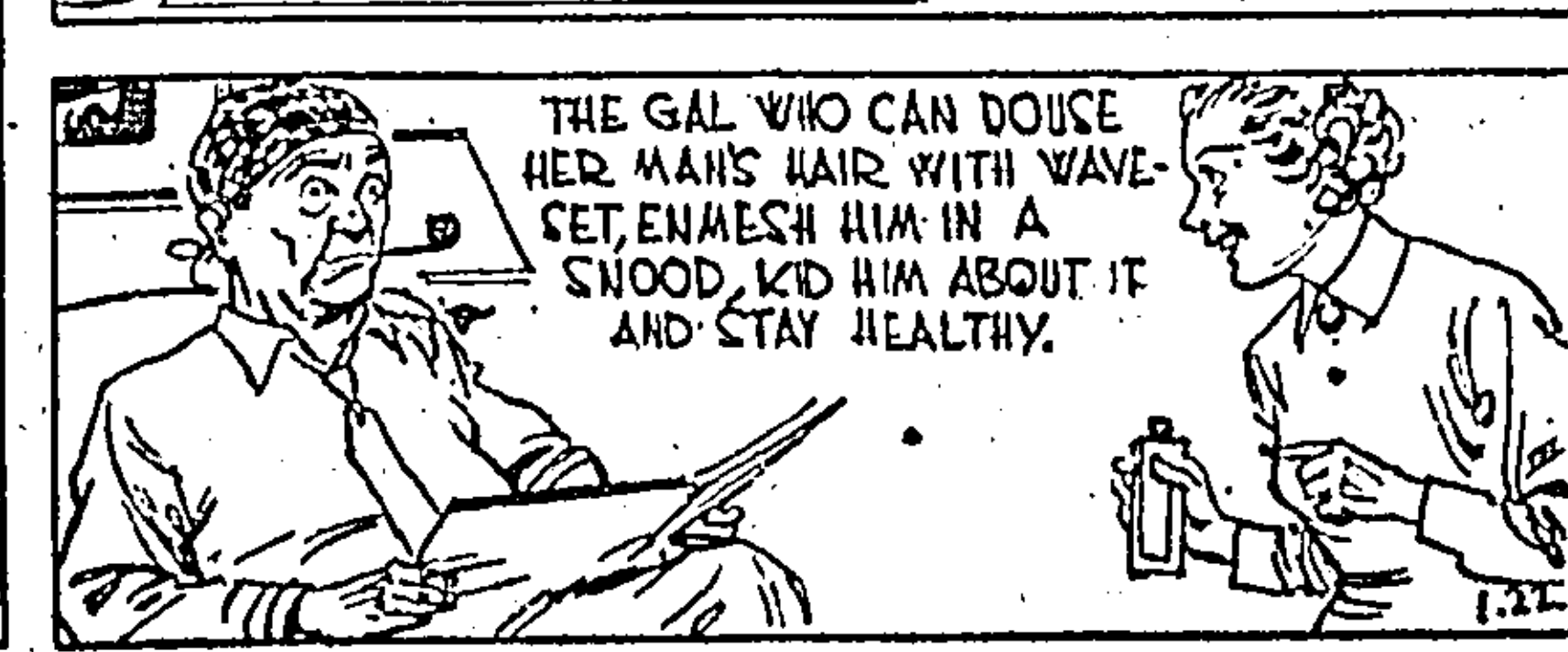
CANADIANS have longer and narrower feet than Englishmen according to 32-year-old A. A. Fox, of the British Leather Export Corporation. He organised British Leather Weeks across Canada.

He says British shoemakers have changed their lasts to fit Canadian feet, changed wallets to fit Canadian notes which are wider than United States dollars, and made suitcases lighter because Canadians fly so much.

—(London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Magicians"
By KEMP STARRETT





PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

Long-Dead Bible Land Coming To Life Again

By Dan Murdoch

SOUTHERN Palestine, an ancient land of Bible fame, is slowly returning to life and action.

Long ago this was a thriving section. More than 200,000 people lived here on farms and in towns. They had roads, buildings and an irrigation system. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob raised large herds there, and large families.

In later years wars and invasions killed off the people. Buildings turned into dust through the centuries, leaving a big desert called "Negev," or "dry land." In size it is half of all Palestine, but only a few thousand wandering Bedouins live there now. Sand, rock, dust, gullies, a few ruins and relics—this is one of earth's most barren, desolate spots.

Only two towns have lasted to modern times. One is Beersheba, near Jerusalem. This was a famous watering place, as its name—"Good Luck Well"—reveals. Abraham chased Hagar into a forest near Beersheba. The incident of Jacob's stealing Esau's birthright occurred there too. Later the prophet Elijah hid there to escape from the wicked King Ahab.

THE other town is Gaza, on the Mediterranean Coast. "Gaza" means "strong," and the Bible tells us it was one of the five great cities of the Philistines. Merchants moving between Egypt, Arabia, Syria and Babylonia stopped there to trade. Invaders and conquerors always seized Gaza first before attacking any nearby country.

In Gaza the Philistines imprisoned the mighty Samson. He blinded himself and made him work a mill. One day, in the Philistine temple, Samson prayed for a last gift of strength. He pushed apart two great pillars and the whole temple collapsed upon his enemies.

Gaza was especially famous for textiles, including a soft, airy

cloth good for veils, scarves and handkerchiefs. People called it "gauze," because it came from Gaza. We have gauze today.

Gaza has had many conquerors—Philistines and Israelites, Alexander the Great, Moslem and Christian soldiers in the Crusades, Napoleon, the British in World War I, Egypt in the recent Israel-Arab fighting. Gaza is still quite an important town of about 30,000 Arabs. Desert Bedouins and traders meet in its bazaars to barter for fruits and vegetables, weapons and pottery. Near by is a large British airfield, a railway line and a main highway. Egypt and Israel are still discussing what is to become of Gaza when they settle their peace terms.

Israel's government, meanwhile, plans to bring the whole Negev desert back to life. All the place needs is water. Engineers say that far below the sand there must be vast pools and wells. Drilling expeditions are going out to try to find this underground water.

PALESTINIAN pioneers began the job in 1946. They established 11 "colonies" right in the middle of the sandy wastes. For water, they dug wells, laid pipelines from Beersheba, made daily donkey trips. Little by little they've begun to grow a few fruits and vegetables and keep a few animals. Today the Negev has about 15 farming settlements, with twice its former population.

The government is going ahead with another scheme too—the "Jordan Valley Project." Fresh water from the upper Jordan River in the north will be piped down into the Negev desert. The Jordan now runs into the Dead Sea, which is a valuable source of rich minerals. To keep the Dead Sea from drying out, salt water will be piped into it from the Mediterranean Sea. Since the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below sea level, water in both pipes will flow rapidly down hill. This will create tremendous water power and provide huge amounts of electricity. The fresh-water

pipeline will also irrigate the deserts and wilderness along the Jordan.

An American engineer, Jack Savage, is in charge of this \$250,000,000 project. He has constructed many of the projects in the United States, such as the Hoover Dam. His Grand Coulee, on the Columbia River, is the biggest thing ever to be built by human beings.

With irrigation, Israel expects to settle millions of people in the Negev, and to get power for many factories and shops. Ancient Beersheba already has a modern ice plant, and electric system. Soon the Negev Desert will be a thing of the past. Instead, as in olden times, hundreds of thousands of people will live and work in busy cities and along green country-sides. It will be the Negev garden.

TEEN TIME

By BESS RITTER

IF something happens to be all wrong with your world right now, cheer up and take heart. Life is seldom quiet, serene, and without any problems. Don't fool yourself into thinking: "If I could only straighten this one mess out, my life would be perfect, and I could relax." This isn't true. For once the difficulty you're facing at the moment is cleared, another will arise. The foolish teenager permits it to plague him to death. The wise one doesn't. He reminds himself that "This is just another of those Dark Days. It will pass with the least unhappiness if I keep a clear head, instead of cluttering my thinking with unnecessary tension."

Instead of crocheting with ordinary cotton, try using grosgrain ribbon. Pretty hats, pocketbooks, handkerchiefs, cases, and many other things can be fashioned quickly by this simple but unusual method. One smart teenager made herself a wide ribbon crocheted belt. Instead of a buckle she used lace made of another strand of ribbon, and tied it with an attractive bow.

Grow novelty plants if you're looking for a hobby that is different. A turnip, for example, can be converted into a basket of bright green leaves. If you scoop out the centre until only an inch-thick wall is left. Fill the cavity with dirt. Plant mustard, canary or parsley seeds inside. Hang the whole thing in the sun by a loop of string. Water occasionally. Or slice off the top of a ripe pineapple. Place it in a shallow dishful of water. In no time at all you'll be rewarded with a plant that might have come from a fancy florist's shop. Even a sweet potato makes a good show of green if you bury it in sand and water it once in a while.

DO-IT

By Dale Goss

Things to Make With Materials at Hand

A Snappy New Year

1. Take 96 colored RUBBER BANDS (red, blue, green, yellow).

2. Cut 3 pieces of colored YARN 36 in. long. Tie together and braid for 7 inches.

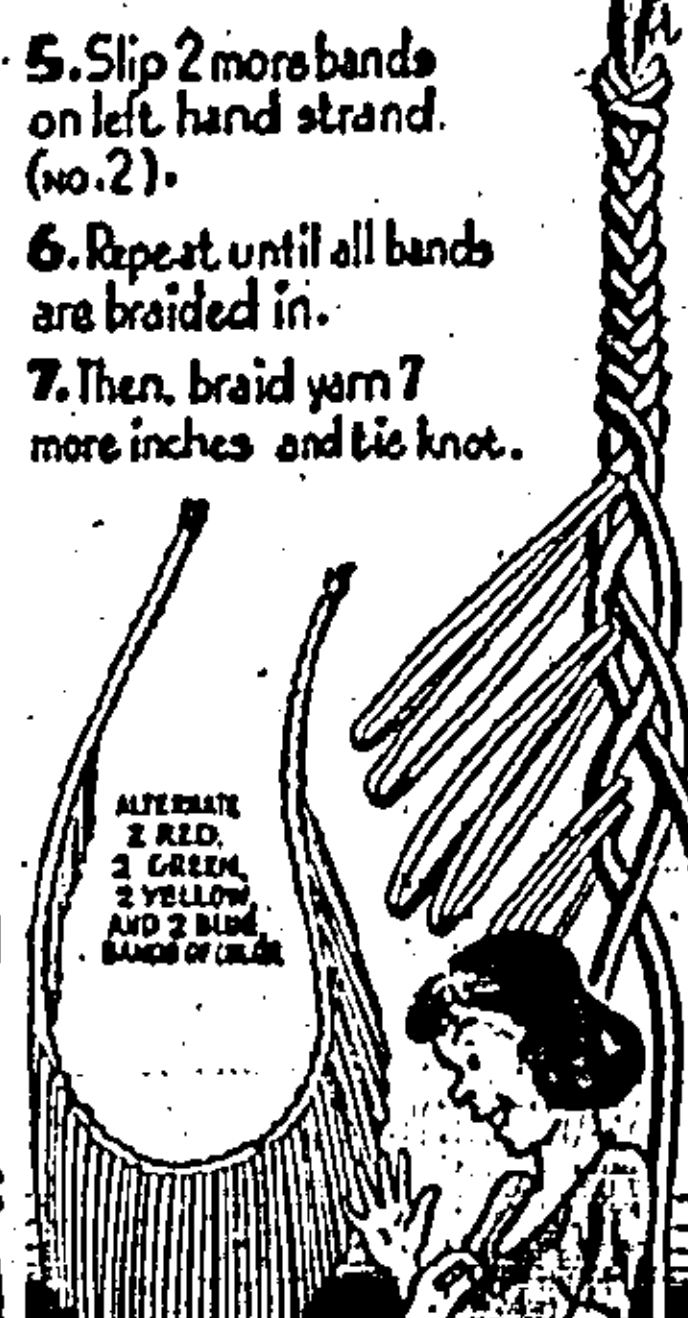
3. Slip 2 rubber bands on left strand (no. 1) and push close to braid.

4. Braid in right hand strand (no. 3).

5. Slip 2 more bands on left hand strand (no. 2).

6. Repeat until all bands are braided in.

7. Then, braid yarn 7 more inches and tie knot.



8. Braid in right hand strand (no. 3).

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SPARE MOMENTS PAGE

McKENNEY
ON BRIDGEContract Made By
Losing First Trick

♠ 70	♥ 10943	♦ 43
♠ 82	♥ 763	♦ 2
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105
♠ 105	♥ 105	♦ 105

BY WILLIAM E. McKENNEY

AT times you can watch bridge for a whole evening and not pick up a hand that is worthwhile. However, when I kibitzed at Mrs. Helene Kelly's duplicate game in Atlantic City, N. J., I was fortunate in securing six interesting hands.

Today's hand came up at the table where Mrs. Kelly was playing and it brings out a point that a great many beginners at contract miss.

Against Mrs. Kelly's three no trump contract West opened the jack of spades. The average player will win this trick with the queen, hoping that West will get in and have to lead another spade up to the king-five in declarer's hand.

But you can see what Mrs. Kelly (sitting South) had to do to establish the diamond suit in order to make nine tricks. She had to hope that West had the spade. She let West's jack of spades hold the first trick. West continued with the ten of spades, which Mrs. Kelly won with the queen.

Now she led the queen of diamonds. When East won this trick with the king he did not have a spade to return. He returned a club and Mrs. Kelly did not even bother to take the club finesse. She went right up with the ace even though the queen might have held the trick.

She was able to cash five diamonds, the heart, one club and one ace, to make her contract.

In referring to win the first spade trick Mrs. Kelly gave herself two chances. West might become anxious and play the ace of spades and then lead the third spade, in which case, if the spades were divided 5-3 the contract would have been made.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"If they ask us to play Canasta, I want you to keep the peace—we don't know these people well enough to argue with them yet!"

BY THE WAY
by Beachcomber

WE note with interest that she eats three rations, that a stout lady of 200 does she get three rations, that a stout lady of 200 does she get three rations, that a stout lady of 200 does she get three rations.

Paris, city of love

THE Paris City Art and Theatre Critics Association are worried about the number of members who are being challenged to duels.

There is one rather small nervous Paris critic who is forever blowing on his hands to cool them after attending first nights. "Ma foi," he mutters with the slightest of foreign accents, "Another rare notice for that old haybag coming up, but I do wish her agent would at least take the sword out of his hand when he waves to me." The poor little fellow hasn't disliked anything in writing for nearly 10 months.

Pets' corner

THE situation at Oxford, where Mr. Edwin Cole has been running what he self-effacingly refers to as a miniature zoo of 2,000 animals, is so much of home.

Neighbours have been complaining of the noise but as they always do at home when we give our imitation of Mighty Joe Young, Mrs. Cole says that faxes, banged on time and other animals, she presumed goats, made noises with their horns.

This is a common error; one of Dame Nature's traps set for the unwary. Goats do not make noises with their horns. The horn is worn by the average goat is silent, and not, as many people are inclined to think, a musical instrument. If Mrs. Cole heard horns in the night, it was probably Mr. Cole's foxes out howling.

CLUES DOWN

1. Novel soldier—one of three.

2. Here's one way to carry his weapon.

3. Outgoing leech?

4. Partly beamed.

5. Mysterious flowers.

6. The feeling one has on arrival at Coventry?

7. Aids to rescue are all gone in hand (two words).

8. Surmount to a Capt. maybe.

9. Land which should never suffer from drought.

10. Conventional chief.

11. Nothing in the trick? O sure.

12. Mutton in which the boppers obviously were not involved.

13. It's a do!

(Solution on this page)

CLUES ACROSS

1. Fruity expression of disapproval.

2. Ails star.

3. Chin letters?

4. Slight he lured by a spoon.

5. Blast from "A" across.

6. Of whom the ecologist talks much.

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Burma Team Outplayed By Hongkong's XI In One-Sided Match

BY "UNOMI"

The Chinese New Year football carnival, in which teams from Burma and Manila are participating, opened yesterday at Caroline Hill when the Burma team met a strong Hongkong XI. The score 5-2 in favour of Hongkong gives an indication of the superiority of the local team.

The game was played at a fast pace throughout on a ground which appeared to be slippery. Hongkong, captained by Kwok Ying-kee, were in grand form, every man doing his full share of the work. The star was Tennuch, the pivot. He used his height and lanky legs to advantage and completely blocked everything that came up the middle.

The defence was never hard pressed, although the Burma attacks were always of the swift variety and Hau and Tse had to be on the alert. Santos played his usual sterling game.

The front line, had they made the most of the opportunities provided them, could easily have made the score, double figures, instead they clocked off, especially during the later stages of the game.

Ho Ying-fun was as sprightly as ever and combined well with Yui Cheuk-yin. The KMB trio, Tang Yee-kit, Chau Man-chi and Lee Tak-fai, showed perfect understanding of each other's play and were always dangerous when near goal.

The visitors, with the exception of Au Kiu in goal and Ma Shwe, did not shine. They had no answer to the fast tackling of their opponents. The goal-keeper started off shakily but soon recovered his confidence and saved many difficult shots.

Rodericks was the best player in a defence which lacked a strong kicker. Munro, the Burma captain, tried hard to rally his men but they were hesitant and failed on many occasions. Van Doctum and Fredericks showed clever touches and were the main-springs in many Burma raids.

Centre-forward Ma Shwe, apart from scoring the fine opportunity goals, had a quiet time against Tennuch. Sir Alexander Grantham, was introduced to the players prior to the kick-off.

Burma won the toss and attacked on the left but a hefty clearance by Hau prevented any danger to the Hongkong goal. The Hongkong team soon settled down and the forwards, who were in grand form, completely outplayed their opponents. Au Kiu was called upon continually to defend his charge.

Tang Yee-kit opened the scoring after ten minutes when he collected a pass from Lee and netted. One minute later the same player scored again from close in.

The visitors, apart from a few accurate raids, were never in the game during the first-half and it came as no surprise when Yui Cheuk-yin increased the Hongkong total with a strong shot from well out.

After the interval the visitors played much better and attacked more often. Ma Shwe was a persistent danger to Yui Cheuk-yin and was rewarded by scoring two goals within two minutes. This was after twenty minutes of play.

Hongkong soon regained their first-half form and bombarded Au's goal for long periods. Lee Tak-fai scored with a free shot which entered the corner of the net with the goal-keeper unprepared. Kwok Ying-kee made the Hongkong total five when he scored from a penalty kick.

Two Major Upsets In Chess Tourney

By "GAMBIT"

Ninth round matches in the tournament for the Championship of the Kowloon Chess Club played at the Peninsula Hotel on Thursday night saw the defeat of both favourites for the title, R. W. Borsodi and H. Klinghardt.

Borsodi lost to one of the better pre-war local players making his "comeback", A. Birukoff, a one-time runner-up in the Club Championship, who broke through his opponent's Slav Defence to the QGD with a sacrifice of a knight for two pawns and the attack. Borsodi resigned after 23 moves.

The defending Champion, L. Schure, took eight days to complete the resumption of his game against H. Klinghardt on Tuesday to score an upset victory in a party end-game. The sealed move was the best he could have made and left Klinghardt in a lost position which he sought to retrieve with a sacrifice of a rook for a pawn and piece. This proved hopeless and mate came on the 47th move.

There were no other interesting results other than in the battle between the giant-killer of the present tournament, H. W. Carter, and the player whom he had supplanted as the giant-killer of local tournaments, Jakob Ramler. The latter proved that he had better claim to the title by winning in a very neat game.

HOW THEY STAND

	W	D	L	Pts
H. W. Borsodi	6	2	4	14
H. Klinghardt	6	2	4	14
V. Zilinsky	5	1	5 1/2	11
L. Schure	5	1	5 1/2	11
E. Tauer	4	2	5	10
H. W. Carter	4	2	5	10
A. Birukoff	4	1	3 1/2	9
J. P. de Carvalho	3	2	3 1/2	8
P. K. Prokopov	3	2	3 1/2	8
N. C. Danenberg	3	1	4 3/4	7
J. Ramler	3	1	2 1/2	7
E. M. Marchetti	2	1	5 1/2	5
V. Kolachoff	2	1	5 1/2	5
A. Archangel'sky	1	1	4 1/2	3
M. Feldman	1	1	5 1/2	3
A. D. Tuskla	1	1	5 1/2	3

STAR

17 Hankow Road, Kowloon

CHINESE NEW YEAR ATTRACTION

— FINAL SHOWING —
— 5 SHOWS DAILY —
12.30, 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.

"TAKE ME, darling, to see that happy, hilarious fun-loving musical!"



FEBRUARY 19th. — 20th.
— 5 SHOWS DAILY —
12.30, 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.



WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY:

Cricket—Colony Civilian XI v Combined Services at Chater Road, 11 a.m.

Second Division League: Commandos v IRC at Soekun-poo; King George V School v Royal Navy at Argyle Street; Recreio v University at King's Park; RAF v KCC at Kai Tak.

Football—Burma XI v Combined Chinese at Caroline Hill, 3.30 p.m.

Softball—Spartans v Aces, 10 a.m.; Ladies v Royal Artillery (Gun Club Hill), 11.30 a.m.; USS "Bass" v Junior All-Stars, 1 p.m.—at King's Park.

TOMORROW

Cricket—Colony Civilian XI v Combined Services at Chater Road, 11 a.m.

Hockey—Association Matches: University v Pak SG at Pokfulam, 11 a.m.; HKHC v Chong Tana at King's Park, 10 a.m.; Recreio "A" v Nomads at King's Park, 10 a.m.; RAF v Police at Kai Tak, 10.30 a.m.; Dutch HC v YMCA at King's Park, 10 a.m.; Army v Recreio "B" at Soekun-poo, 11.15 a.m.

Softball—Griffins v Pandas, 9 a.m.; China v Portugal (Ladies), 10.30 a.m.; China v Portugal, Noon; St Joseph's v Jaguars, 1.30 p.m.; Ladies v Commandos, 3 p.m.

EASY PASSAGE FOR PAKISTAN & BRITAIN

Pakistan beat the Americans in the semi-final of the International Series yesterday by a score of 2-4 following a home run with bases full by A. H. Baker in the fourth inning, the turning point of the game, after the Pakistanis had been leading 1-0. This brought the score to 5-0.

The Americans came up with four singles in the last four innings as did Pakistan. The pitchers were Sherry Ducks for Pakistan and F. Schulte for the Americans.

The Ladies semi-final saw Britain, as expected, win rather easily from the Philippines with a score of 12-4.

The game was highlighted by two double plays, one in the fourth inning when Rose Tiampo fled out to shortstop G. Colaco for a catch at first base and another in the fifth inning when Peggy Barros fled out to catcher Sheila Howard for a throw out at third base.

Thelma Coelho hit a home run in the sixth inning for Britain. Joyce Guest, for Britain, had two hits in four times at plate. Pitchers were Dolly Brown for Britain and Jose the Tiampo for the Philippines.

The other international semi-finals scheduled for today between China and Portugal—Men's and Ladies—have been postponed to tomorrow, the Ladies' at 10.30 a.m. and the Men's at noon.

Just Arrived REVERSIBLE DRUGGETS.

FOR BEDROOMS
AND
HALLWAYS.

HK\$1.50 PER SQ. FT.

CARPET
INDUSTRIES
63, Austin Road,
Kowloon.

CHURCH NOTICE

KOWLOON UNION CHURCH

(Jordan Road.)
Congregational, Baptist,
Presbyterian
SUNDAY
10.00 a.m. Young Peoples Group.
11.00 a.m. Sunday School.
11.00 a.m. Service Rev. A. E. Small.
6.30 p.m. Recorded Music.
7.00 p.m. Service Rev. G. Har-ker C.F.
8.00 p.m. Social Hour.
TUESDAY
10.00 a.m. Women's Guild.
THURSDAY
8.00 p.m. Choir Practice.
The Annual Meeting of the Congregation and Advents will be held in the Church Hall on Monday, 27th Feb., at 8.30 p.m.

HONGKONG TELEGRAPH

1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong

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News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary.

Telephones: 26015, 26016, 26017.

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ALTERNATE INSERTIONS

10% EXTRA

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FEE OF 50 cents IS CHARGED.

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accompany advertisements, not

necessarily for publication, but

to ensure that replies are re-

ceived by the person for whom

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We will forward replies to

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names and addresses in the

advertisement.

If the wants of advertisers

are quickly met and they do

not desire any further replies

forwarded, we shall be glad to

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ledgment will be inserted free of

charge.

BIRTHS

HENS—To Gerda, wife of J. M.

Hens, on February 16, 1950, at

the French Hospital, a daughter.

1950.

LOST

LOST from No. 26 King's Park

Governess, a small, wire-haired fox

terrier pup. Reward to finder.

FOUND

PIECE Jewellery in Lane, Craw-

ford, on 16th February. Apply

Secretary, S. C. M. Post.

BOATS & LAUNCHES

FOR Sale: 20' Enclosed Motor

Launch. Well equipped. Sleeps

four. Gasoline powered. Phone

order for demonstration.

FOR SALE

NEW EDITION. The "POST"

Typewriter Manual incorporating amend-

ments to the Local and Non-Local

Storm Signal Codes. Mounted in a

University folder. \$2.00. Obtainable from

"S. C. M. Post."

WEIGHTS AND MEASUREMENTS

of Cargo exported from Hongkong

and South China compiled by the

Survey Measures, \$15 from the

"South China Morning Post."

H.K. Government Import and Ex-

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CASTLETON FINE STATIONERY

Three pleasure trips in boxes of

25 envelopes and 25 sheets note-

paper, \$2.00 per box, obtainable at

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OFFICE STATIONERY. Letter

Heads, Memorandum Forms, Visiting

Cards, Envelopes etc. Orders now

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ments, change of copy etc.

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a.m. and urgent notices until

11 a.m. on day of issue. Satur-

days, not later than 0930.

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Hongkong.

SHOWING

TO-DAY



SHOWING

TO-DAY

FROM TO-DAY TO MONDAY
5 SHOWS DAILY: 12.00, 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



PLEASE BOOK YOUR SEATS EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

SHOWING
TO-DAY



SHOWING
TO-DAY

TO-DAY TO MONDAY
FIVE SHOWS
DAILY

PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGE
OF TIMES 11.30 A.M., 2.00, 4.45, 7.15 &
9.45 P.M.

JOAN OF ARC



INGRID BERGMAN

A VICTOR FLEMING PRODUCTION • COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

CAST OF THOUSANDS

PRODUCED BY WALTER WANGER • DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING

CO-SHOWING TO-DAY AT 12.00, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Due to the Length of this Picture the Audience are requested to come earlier than usual.

No complimentary tickets available.